

ARCTURUS.

No. XVI.

THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW, AND MR. DICKENS.

THERE are a few preliminary, well established points, that at this period of the agitation of the subject of an International Copyright Law with foreign nations may, we believe, be taken for granted. The long discussion of the question, as well in England as this country, has brought out a few prominent truths, to which the public attention has been for the first time awakened, and the recognition of which in some manner is thus far the chief reward of the literary men who have been engaged in the controversy. Such is the recognition of the right to literary property in authors; a very simple proposition when thus laid down, but which has had to contend with prejudice, injustice, ay, common robbery, in the midst of communities renowned for police authority, and when the least infringement of the law of *meum* and *tuum* as regards others, is daily visited with penalty and imprisonment. The poor woman who steals a herring is confined and sentenced to a month's hard labor; while the same law protects the printer and bookseller in their wholesale spoliation of the works of authors.

The affair begins now to be seen in its true light. By what curious distinctions the separation began first to be made in the public mind between the rights to the several enjoyment of their works, in the case of the author and the merchant, for instance, we are at a loss to con-

jecture. The talent to make money, to prosper in the world, to build great commercial schemes, the steadiness, the forethought, the insight of the merchant, are as much heaven-descended gifts, as the free faculty and power of the poet. Yet by the one exercise of intellect, the man arrives at wealth, he founds families and establishes vast domestic alliances; by the other, he has been condemned to a garret and starvation. The law even now, after the lapse of a scanty period, deprives him of the usufruct of his writings: while the investments of the merchant are bringing in cent per cent, and supporting his heirs in liberality and honor, the copyright of the author has ceased, and is thrown among the public, to be the spoil of the most cunning and rapacious bookseller. The reversion of the author's labor is not to his children, but the public. A better tone of feeling is now excited: the subject of the extension of the term of copyright is agitated in England, where we trust Sir Robert Peel will be able to carry out the measure of Sergeant Talfourd according to his old promise, in Parliament, to look after the bill when he came into power. This, too, is a question in which American legislators should be interested, and when the time comes for presentation of this matter, we trust there will be no difficulty in reconciling an increased term of years for the privilege of copyright, the right of the author, with the true welfare of the public.

The immediate question before the country at this moment, is the International Copyright; a measure, we believe, now to be conceded to all, as one of common justice and honesty to foreign authors. When foreign nations were called, as they once were, Barbarians, and states subsisted by mutual plunder, this claim might have been disputed. But with any people who recognise the common laws of trade, to say nothing of the higher profession of Christianity, this plea is inadmissible. With the advantages of civilization, we are bound by its restraints; we cannot relapse at will into barbarism, and pick pockets exactly in those cases in which it suits our convenience. The equity of such a law is admitted. No one of sound common sense or a straight moral vision can claim the right to a book the moment it lands on our shores any further than to a bale of merchandize. The practice of the country, in this respect, at this moment is

entirely unsound. Like every great example of injustice in principle, it will be found to be corrupt and injurious in its details; just as it can be shown that a return to the contrary course of moral honesty, will secure a long train of virtuous benefits.

The author now first suffers the loss of payment for his writings, and then, incidentally, loses all control over the publication of the writings themselves. He is naturally anxious that his book should be read as he wrote it, but of this he has no surety. If it suits the convenience and morality of a publisher to mutilate it, he will do so; if he has not time to print it accurately in the hurry of competition with other pirates, he will not hesitate to print it incorrectly; if it is not his interest to publish the whole because it would make too large a book he will select the part that pleases *his* taste the best; if he thinks it needs explanation he will soil the page with foot notes; if he is fond of glory himself, or has a clerk on his premises ambitious of literary fame, he will even add a Preface, and cling to the skirts of the great man for immortality. Instances of corrupt practices of this kind are numerous, more numerous, we are inclined to think, than is generally supposed, for detection in every case is not an easy work. We have not the original edition to compare with, and there are very few that would at once make the comparison. A large publishing house in this city has not, on these points, an immaculate reputation. What jobs of editing, curtailing, and alteration they have been guilty of, we cannot at once pronounce, but it is well known they have been convicted of flagrant examples. An author thus appears deprived of his force and energy, if he has moral courage in opposition to the vices of the day, and has branded them with an indignant pen, this portion of his work is likely to be, nay, it has been, blotted out. If in time an important alteration in his opinions takes place; if he regrets the licentiousness or spirit of infidelity, perhaps, stamped upon his early writings, and wishes to suppress them, or supply their place by something better, he is at the mercy of the passing humors of a bookseller (with no fellow-feeling in the case) for his repentance. The press rolls on and sends forth edition after edition of the author's work, asserting opinions which are no longer his,

stereotyping a lie and cutting off from him the hope of amendment.

The mutilation of good books is a grievous subject, and this mutilation may exist, whether the book is altered or suppressed, or published contrary to the aim and intentions of the writer. A virtual censorship of the press is now here established in the hands of booksellers, by which they shall put their imprimatur on what they choose, and send forth an author with as few of his truths, and as many of his errors as they think fit. Remember what it is, with which any printer who has a few types, is privileged to intermeddle; it is not the robbery of a patent to multiply cheap wares, but tampering with and destroying a sacred responsibility; it is setting up a third irresponsible power between the author and the public. Books are holy treasures. Nobly says Milton in his *Areopagitica*, (and the analogy of this case to his argument is entire) "books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was, whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

By the present system many good books are actually suppressed, for it cannot be expected that a publisher without security or protection in his rights should undertake the preparation of a work, slightly out of the beaten road of popularity, and incur large risk and expenses, if the very first moment a chance of profit appears the book may be printed and a cheaper edition issued in opposition by a rival publisher. The first element of a sound healthy trade is destroyed—security of the rights of publishers. He will not be enterprising if his success is destined only to advantage the pockets of his neigh-

bors by pointing out to them a profitable speculation. Or if he does undertake the publication of such a book as we have alluded to, say for example, Hallam's Literary History of Europe, he will (we speak from facts) publish it in the cheapest form, in close double columns, on old newspaper type, on whity-brown paper, reducing all expenses to a minimum, that if his neighbor does get up an edition he shall not undersell him. This is the noble and extra hazardous game of publishing at present. That the grievance of mutilation of books is not over-stated, we might refer to facts, but to many the tendencies to abuse in the present system, we have alluded to, will be sufficient. To give one fact that speaks volumes on this point; when Appleton and Co. lately undertook an extensive series of republications it was part of their announcement that they should print books exactly as they originally appeared.

If an act of International Copyright were one of justice to foreign authors, it has become one of imperative necessity to authors at home. In one case, we are losing in England the privilege of copyright, a privilege, every year, that should in a healthy state of things, become of more importance. Even now, the loss of copyright money is an evil, for we have authors who are read in England, and who would be gladly paid by English readers. Channing, Cooper, Miss Sedgwick and Willis are popular, and should receive liberal copyright money. Washington Irving now has a work in manuscript, waiting only the passage of this law, to be published simultaneously, both here and there. Perhaps it is a work peculiarly suited to the London market and one that would be there better remunerated. At any rate, he is right in withholding it. But the evil is greater at home. No strength or combination of American talent can resist the tide of foreign literature which is poured over the country by our own interested publishers. In the natural course of things, for many years domestic literature would labor under the disadvantage of contending with an array of practised foreign writers, an abundance of authors trained in colleges, churches, the camp, the navy, in society, already in the field; a growing literary age in America would be contending with a ripe literary age in England; but at present infant genius is not called forth into an exciting field of competition; it

is stifled in the cradle at its birth. Other things being equal, the talent in both being the same, a publisher will now decide between an English and a native author by so low a consideration as the convenience of setting up the types from a printed copy. "Your mss. may be equally good," he will say, "but all mss. is a bore," he adds privately to himself, and sends away the author to return in a week; and, to keep up the farce, at the end of a fortnight sends him a note, stating that his terms cannot be complied with. Another case is more frequent: it is that of an English author with reputation in his own country, and of the other here without. And still the greatest number of cases is, where the American author has the unparalleled effrontery to demand copy money, and a host of fresh publications stand ready on the desk, having been received by the last steamer for nothing.

A vast evil (for our topic is full of evils) is in what the opponents of an international copyright law are disposed to consider the greatest blessing of the present piratical system—the wide dissemination of literature in a cheap form, the republications of the Boston Notions, the Brother Jonathans, the New Worlds, etc. This may be a benefit to the pockets of the prudent and the avaricious, who get a sufficiency of Sunday reading to kill time and save pew rent, for sixpence: it is a temporary benefit to the poor who can only afford this small sum, but as it offers a direct injury to the cause of literature in general, it of course in the end is an injury to all, rich or poor. The cheap paper system is an anomaly in the history of literature, a violation throughout of the natural channels of trade, the just laws and conditions of publication. We allude, of course, only to the cheap papers that republish books. We confine our remarks solely to this matter of Republications; in other respects, the character of many of these papers is good and praiseworthy. Let us look upon what would be its bearing upon England, and see how much more grievous is its operation in this country. If a dozen rival publishers were engaged in England, each with all the arts, and incentives of trade, by puffs, by advertisements, by agencies, by unequalled cheapness, in circulating and forcing in every quarter, the weekly or monthly publications of Dickens; so that nothing was seen or heard of but the Curiosity Shop, Barnaby Rudge, the Pickwick Papers; great as is

the deserved reputation of this author, such an unfair circulation of his works, to the necessary exclusion of a vast variety of other important works, would be felt as a literary nuisance—a state of things that could not arise out of the regular course of publication, an unnatural competition. What would be a matter of gross inconvenience there, is a positive prohibition here. What author can rise up against such a flood? His attempt would be like that of Mrs. Partington of Sidney Smith notoriety, who, when the Atlantic was breaking over her threshold in Kent, busied herself with her mop in resisting the inundation.

Cheap literature, of the melo-dramatic or gunpowder stamp, is not a benefit, but a national misfortune. It is of more importance that the quality of the public reading be good, than that it be had for nothing in any quantity. These papers have introduced a false system among American readers. They have set up Notoriety as the great fashionable god, and thrown modest merits far into the shade. Who has heard of the address by Tayler Lewis, entitled the Believing Spirit; who has not heard of the novels, the meagre stuff, entitled Valentine Vox and Stanley Thorn? A writer must solicit favor and be puffed by the mammoth press; he is not contented with passing quietly from the bookseller's counter where he could be found by those who seek him, but his sermon or his lecture must be crammed down the public throat by a newspaper which has its circulation of forty thousand. If his writings are not worthy of a reputation, he must have one made for him, and the autocrats of the mammoth press are potent at this art; they can turn out a flourishing author, ready made autograph and all, in a month, by a preliminary series of puffs preceding the magic publication. First it is very quietly insinuated in a corner, the foot of a column, or other unsuspected quarter, that there is a man of extraordinary intellect and tremendous endowments, wholly unknown to the community, living somewhere in retirement. Then it is announced that he has by him a mass of the most valuable manuscripts which is to be published in the journal, a most important feature of forthcoming issues, etc. Then a neglected puff is fished out of the North American Review, or the Quarterly (a foreign authority being still better) and then weekly,

while his work is in course of republication, he is lauded as the greatest living author of the age. When his work is through, the great man is quietly dropped, and prodigy the second follows prodigy the first, just as at the American Museum the fat child weighing three hundred and sixty, is succeeded by the Kentucky giant, or the Living Skeleton. This manufacture of authors is a "leading feature" of certain journals, and as calm and philosophic spectators, has afforded us no little amusement.

And now one word before we conclude, of Mr. Dickens, the guest of America, in this connexion. In our last number, we were the first to suggest the agitation of the subject of the International Copyright Law at this time, and urge its passage as the highest compliment the country could offer him. We were glad to see, and not at all surprised, that Mr. Dickens himself made this a subject of remark in his first public words at the Boston dinner. It was a noble, manly declaration of his feelings and very far from any indelicacy (as has been alleged) for he doubtless thought of the great wrongs others were receiving, both English and American, as well as himself, and he spoke of them as an honest man should, without any Chesterfieldian mincing the matter and equally without any violation of courtesy. One reply has been made to his remarks, full of weakness and ingratitude; it is that he is indebted for his reputation to this cheap purchase of his works—for nothing. We ask, does Mr. Dickens enjoy any lack of good fame in his own country, where his books are paid for; has he not his tens of thousands of readers there, and for the public honors paid to him, are we likely to surpass the Edinburgh dinner, in the very home of Scott and his daily remembrances with Christopher North in the chair. We pray you committee men and orators first to be just, and it will serve as an admirable back ground to set forth your generosity.

The Career

OF

PUFFER HOPKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MOTLEY BOOK."

CHAPTER XVII.

CERTAIN DISTINGUISHED PERSONS NEGOTIATE WITH THE
NEWS-BOYS.

THE two parties, it was now quite obvious, were rapidly approaching the field of encounter. Both were on the alert for recruits; busy at the drum, keeping up such uproar as they could; summoning meetings; despatching spies to the opposite camp; in a word, availing themselves of every opening to obtain an advantage over the adversary. Among other schemes, it was thought expedient to secure, as early as possible, the services of a corps of bold, active and ready-witted bill-posters, who would not only come in aid of the Bottom Club and other fraternities of that class, in laying waste and ravaging the enemies' placards, but also serve, by their ingenuity and vigor, to give prominence and conspicuous display to their own calls and handbills.

On this service Mr. Fishblatt and Puffer Hopkins, as combining great readiness of invention, with handsome powers of persuasion, were named; and Puffer, accordingly, one evening called by appointment on his associate, to set out with him on the performance of this delicate duty.

Mr. Fishblatt was discovered, as might perhaps have been expected, in his high-backed chair, in nearly the same attitude as before, with an immense newspaper,—it was larger than the other, and had sprung up in the interval,—in his outstretched arms; his feet braced against

the wall : and ranging with his eye up and down the long columns of solid print, like a dragoon under demoniacal possession. It was a little time before Puffer's entrance caught his attention ; but when it did, he sprang suddenly to his feet, welcomed him, and spreading the great sheet over a horse by the fire,—which contrivance he had been driven upon by the extraordinary expansion of the weekly press,—said he would be ready in a trice.

“A wonderful age this,” said Mr. Fishblatt, while in act of enduing his long brown overcoat, “an astonishing, an immense age ; all the ages that have gone before it, should be counted as nothing, sir, and this year, this very year of our Lord, should be called the year one. We do our ancestors too much honor by keeping any accounts with them. We should cut them at once ; deny any knowledge of them. They were a poor, mean, miserable set of sneaking folio-readers ; do you know that ? The editor of this paper, sir,” pursued Mr. Fishblatt, grasping a sturdy stick that stood in a corner, “is a wonderful man. His sheet is two inches longer and four inches broader than any other in the country ; he always has news an hour and three quarters in advance of the regular mail ; and he has lately—there's enterprise for you—purchased a small blood poney to ride down to the office with his leaders. It's astonishing to think what a popularity this man enjoys ; he's known from one end of the country to the other, and gives us a half column of notices of his paper every week, speaking of him—him individually—in the very handsomest terms. There's the Nauvoo ‘Bludgeon’ says he wields a trenchant and vigorous pen—yes sir, the Nauvoo ‘Bludgeon’ says that—then the Potomac ‘Trumpet’ admits he has an unrivalled genius for the more elegant species of composition ; and by the Western ‘Thunder-gust,’ which has just come in, I see they allow him ‘a penetrating eye and a remarkable talent for journalism.’ He's a wonderful man :—we must go.” And forth they issued. They struck through the heart of the city for the quarter they were in quest of ; Mr. Fishblatt, whenever they passed through an obscure street, unbending a little and addressing his companion in a familiar tone, but as soon as ever they were abroad again in a great thoroughfare, he stretched himself to his full stature, and marched forward very gravely,

without so much as uttering a word. From the manner in which he wielded the cane that he bore in his hand—sometimes twirling it about in his fingers, sometimes making a home-thrust at an imaginary object just before him—he may have been employed in revolving a passage or two of declamation: any how, so they walked on. An old dingy building soon stood before them, and they knew they had reached their destination. The quarter in which they had arrived was gross, squalid and unclean, and the building itself seemed a natural production of the soil, and not the work of human hands. A broad gaping area was there, in which such other fungi of the place, as broken quarter-kegs, stocking-ends, and shattered hats lay in heaps about, and into this they plunged.

They descended a few steps: and by the aid of a flickering lamp getting into an unclean passage, the walls of which were embellished with numerous impressions of small hands taken in primitive earth, they reached a door from which a great hubbub of voices and confused sounds constantly escaped. Here they entered, and found themselves in a low-roofed apartment, lighted by various glittering and resplendent reflectors pinned against upright posts at the side: around the whole room there was a narrow bench, and at the farther extremity was a desk several feet above the level of the floor. Puffer and his companion were ushered to a place by the side of the desk; a tall young gentleman, who seemed to act as president, or chairman, stood up and knocked on the board before him, in imitation of a popular tune, when there came pouring in at a side passage, which Puffer had not at first observed, a swarm of youths, of all sizes, ages and complexions; dressed in all possible varieties of apparel; and bearing themselves with as great freedom and independence of demeanor as any number of gentlemen that could be found. Many of them bore in their hands threepenny pies, out of which, from time to time, they cut a mouthful: many more carried cigars in the corners of their mouths, at which they puffed with an exemplary vehemence and unction. At another bidding they were all seated, or gathered in groups and clusters about pillars in the middle of the apartment, and pausing for a season in

their respective labors, turned their faces toward the tall chairman.

“Ge’mmen!” said the chief of the news-boys, rising in his place, having first priggishly buttoned his coat and thrust a broken yellow handkerchief in his breast, “Ge’mmen!” said he, “we all knows—what we’ve come here for, to-night. You know Tom Hurley, and Joe Shirks, and Bill Gidney—what we’re come here for to do. We all knows what a low ebb ’Mery-kin literature had got to, when we took hold of it. We all knows what it is now—the wery pride and ornament of the earth. I can say it of a truth, ge’mmen, that Bill Gidney, the activist news-boy in the metropolis, is a honor to his species: so is Joe Shirks, and so is Tom Hurley. Where was natyve genius afore we took hold of it?—it was a bud in the worm, a undeveloped onion. What’s the complaint now? There’s too much genius, too much surprisin’ talent and keen obserwation and overpowerin’ eloquence. King Solomon and the greasy wise men ’ud be ashamed o’ themselves, if they only knew Mr. Flabby, what edits the ‘Empty Punccheon,’ or Mr. Busts, what conducts the ‘Daily Bladder,’ or Mr. Bloater, what writes four-horse leaders for the ‘Junk Bottle,’ but what’s going to be the head man of the new and interestin’ paper, called the ‘Mammoth Mug.’ That ’ll be a remarkable paper, ge’mmen: depend on it! The uncommon stock of brains put into that newspaper will be mere waste; it ’ll be a extravagant usin’ up o’ the human intellect. For myself, ge’mmen, if you ask my views of litter-a-toor, I don’t hesitate to say, in vun sense o’ the word, excuse the expression, it’s nothin’ but a powerful combination o’ rags and brass: by which I means to say, it takes a uncommon quantity o’ rags to make the paper out of, and it takes a uncommon sight o’ brass and courage to make the paper full o’ readin’ matter. Now what’s our duty? Shall we give the cause of natyve genius the go-by; a sort of a wink to a blind horse, instead of a nice nod of encouragement? As long as we can make twenty-five off of a hundred, and lunches—shall we give it up?”

Here the speaker was interrupted by a terrific and general cry of “No, no.” “Carry that man to Bellewue: he’s lost his wits!”

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Negotiations with the Newboys.

Frank 253

It was quite obvious that his excellency, the chairman, was prepared still further to thrill and enlighten them with his peculiar eloquence : but at this stage of the proceedings there came into the meeting, pushing his way through the news-boys, with the most easy, natural and serene self-possession—a stout, blustering fellow, with great staring eyes—not altogether ill-looking either—a red neckerchief about his throat, a frock-coat flaunting from his side, his hair in disorder, and his countenance beaming with a broad, unrestrained expression of assurance and conceit. This was an editor. It was Piddleton Bloater himself ; and Piddleton Bloater, the Mighty, the Immense, the Immeasurable, had come to bargain with the news-boys to take an interest in a new journal in which he was about to embark his magnificent talents.

“The new paper to be issued on Saturday morning,” said Mr. Bloater, looking gigantic, so as to overawe the juvenile gentry before him, “will be the completest paper ever published ; eight feet square, honest measure ; illustrated by the most splendid wood-cuts, head-pieces, tail-pieces, and so forth, by the most celebrated artists. Correspondents in every quarter of the world. We have already engaged Commissioner Lin for the Chinese department ; President Boyer, of Hayti, does the African branch. The Board of Directors of the N. Y. Gas Company are retained as regular contributors. Mr. Bulfinch Twaddle will furnish a poem to every number. We expect to have a circulation of one hundred and fifty thousand by the end of the present year : in fact, we have it already, although they have’nt all paid in yet. We intend to make the ‘Mug’ the most remarkable journal of the day. The ‘Mug’ must go. Don’t all speak at once !”

Here the orator produced from his coat-pocket a great red handkerchief, the duplicate segment of that about his neck, which he unfurled with a flourish, and disclosed before the gaze of the assembled news-boys, the words, “THE MAMMOTH MUG—Edited by PIDDLETON BLOATER, Esq.,” wrought thereon in portentous capitals. This movement was hailed with a cheer, and as he waived it about his head, and reddened in the face by the exertion, the cheers grew in energy and emphasis.

“But gentlemen,” continued Mr. Bloater, when the

enthusiasm had a little abated, sinking his voice to an awful whisper, "there's a secret I've got to disclose, that will astonish you. Prepare yourselves. Brace up, and hold fast of each other. Rum-Fusti, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, is employed to write an entirely original Continuous Tale for the 'Mug;' to be contributed exclusively to the 'Mug' and to no other paper!"

This had a fine sounding style, and the news-boys, from the very circumstance of not apprehending it very thoroughly, cheered and shouted more heartily than ever. With this tremendous announcement, Mr. Piddleton Bloater paused and taking a note-book from his pocket, said he was ready for orders; but hoped they would restrain themselves, and not come on too fast.

"Eight feet square—that's ever so many thousand surface inches!" said Master Tom Hurley, a pale-faced news-boy, apparelled in a long tail coat, with metal buttons. "I'm death for the Mug, Mr. Bloater. I'll cut the 'Empty Puncheon,' and take a hundred Mugs to start with."

"The Puncheon! How in the name of Heaven could any one patronize that miserable abortion!" exclaimed Mr. Bloater. "Flabby's a poor withered alligator; and the Puncheon a mere pothecary's show-bottle, that shines a mile or two off, but's nothing after all but colored water, and that not fit to drink."

"If Rum-Buster out o' Noah's ark, writes for the first number," said Master Gidney, a small, corpulent, jolly-looking fellow, in a roundabout and tasselled cap, grinning, and speaking up, as he cocked it on his brow, "I'll cut in for a gross of number one; if I seed his Tale's name in big letter on the fences, it 'ud give me confidence, and I might go in for a couple o' hundred; but that's as many as 'ud do, till I have a interview with the fire-board makers."

Mr. Bloater, not exactly understanding how a privy of knowledge between the fire-board makers and Master Gidney could affect the sale of the Mug, looked upon the youth approvingly, and dashed his open palm upon his leg, crying out that was "juicy, and just the thing!"

"I think Busts of the 'Daily Bladder' is breaking down," interposed another news-vender, in a suit all

shreds and patches, with an unclean face, uncombed hair, (the prevailing fashion of the place) and no covering to his head. "He writes all his editorials in a cheer made out of the staves of a rum cask: he loves the smell of the thing wonderfully; and has to be tied in by the foreman, while he's writin'. Busts writes a history of his spree over night, in somebody else's name, and that fills up the Police Head. I'll take fifty 'Mugs' fresh and bright, with the froth on."

"The best thing you could do, my lad!" cried Mr. Bloater from where he stood, smiling. "That Busts is a poor miserable wretch: a viper in the uniform of the rifle brigade, and he kills character by the platoon. They call Busts a keen observer of life! so he is of animalculæ that live in the kennel: there is'nt a viler wretch on the face of the earth than this same Busts, if you except Flabby of the 'Empty Puncheon!' But how many copies do you take Mr. Chairman?" asked Mr. Bloater turning toward that functionary: "I know you to be one of the longest-legged and loudest-voiced of the Society."

"That's a wery delicate question sir," answered the president, rising with dignity, and buttoning his coat calmly as he ascended, "a wery delicate question—unless I was informed of the principles the Mug's to be conducted on: does it go Captain Kidd, or the moral code?"

"Captain Kidd—decidedly," rejoined Mr. Piddleton Bloater. "We shall pirate all foreign tales regularly; and where we can purloin proof sheets shall publish in advance of the author himself; shall in all cases employ third-rate native writers at journeyman-cobbler's wages, and swear to their genius as a matter of business: shall reprint the old annuals and almanacs, systematically, as select extracts and facetiæ, and shall reproduce their cuts and illustrations, as new designs from the burin of Mr. Tinto, the celebrated Engraver."

"That'll do—that'll do," cried the chairman, interrupting the speaker. "Set me down for the balance of the fust edition: it'll be a fust rate paper, and conducted on fust rate principles."

"There's another thing," said Mr. Bloater, continuing the subject, "another thing to be distinctly and clearly understood. Whoever writes the chief article of the

Mug is to be the great writer—the biggest penman in America, for that week. For instance, if it should even be Busts or Flabby; Flabby is to be advertised as an angel in large caps, and Busts as a genius of the first water.”

“Of course!” cried the president: “Of course!” echoed the news-boys to a man, who understood this policy thoroughly.

“With this understanding, I’ll say good night to you,” said Mr. Bloater, wiping his brow. “I hope you’ll be in good voice for the first day: I’d suggest a little practice in crying false alarms for a night or two, the length of half a dozen streets.”

“We does that regularly,” answered Master Joe Shirks, “and some of us goes on amateur duty as oyster boys, when shell fish ’s in season and big enough to cry!”

With this satisfactory assurance, Mr. Piddleton Bloater departed, sounding the natural trumpet of his nose with all his might as he went.

“Who knows, but some of these youth,” asked Mr. Fishblatt, who had been thrown into temporary shade by the presence of so astounding a genius, wheeling about and looking Puffer full in the face, “may come to serve their country one of these days in the halls of legislation? Who knows but nature may be unconsciously training in the crier of a ‘Junk Bottle,’ a future speaker of the House? or in the street shouter of the ‘Empty Puncheon,’ a leading Congressional orator? I begin to think its the true training for rhetorical talent; and why should not their ambition be turned in this direction? My young friends and Mr. President,” he continued, elevating his voice, now that he was fairly roused, and falling back a step or two, “To return to what I was about to say when interrupted by Mr. Bloater—I would put it to your patriotism, whether you should not withdraw for a time from the literary luxury of crying the news and take an active part in public affairs. Here is a noble opportunity to serve your country, my young friends: don’t let it pass. Gidney and Shirks and Hurley—for such I understand to be the names of some of you—have now an enviable opportunity of achieving lasting glory. Think of it, you may save your country: the conspicuous exhibition of a placard by your ingenuity may draw to the polls, say

only a single voter, that voter casts for Gallipot, and the business is done. Give up every thing to serve your country, abandon your cherished pursuits, sacrifice your feelings, and endear yourselves to all the good and virtuous, and public-spirited throughout this great metropolis—this mighty nation!”

“For my part,” responded Mr. Gidney, who was the first to rise, “I considers it degradin’ for a news-boy to become a bill-sticker; it’s lowerin’ oneself in the scale of society and makin’ a object of hisself for all future times and generations. The voice of Fame is agin it.”

“You are wrong, my young friend,” continued Mr. Fishblatt, rising again majestically, stretching out his right hand and depositing it on the desk top, while he passed his left behind his person, and thrust it in one of the nether pockets of his coat. “The vocation of a bill-sticker is a highly honorable one and admits of a great expansion of natural talent. What does he do? Why, Mr. Chairman, he makes dumb walls and dead stones speak; he puts a tongue in the old thirsty street-pump; and he causes shutters and bulk-heads to cry aloud and shout out, at all hours, day and night; night and day. Is’nt that enough? Where do you find the bill-sticker? Why he’s at the bottom, the very prime mover and getter up of all public gatherings, concerts, lectures, ballooning, ballotings, packet-sailings, fairs, shows and spectacles. He’s the prompter and bell-puller of society. Is’nt this an honorable calling? Why, sir, next to the popular preacher and the popular author the bill-sticker is certainly the greatest benefactor of his race!”

As soon as Mr. Fishblatt had taken his seat, after this powerful outbreak, Master Joe Shirks rose in reply.

“We can’t do it—no how,” said Master Shirks, addressing the chair. “We are pledged contrarywise to the citizens of New-York. What’ll they say, I’d like to know, when you, Mr. Chairman, and I, and Bill Gidney here, loses our voice, and cry no more papers than if we was dumb-fish and flounders. Papers must be cried; and there’s the Extras—who’s to know anything about that ’ere sudden murder, where a affectionate husband has chopped his wife into tender-loins, with a new broad-axe; or that ’ere dreadful case of explosion, where the benevolent gentleman has called a tea-party over his

steamboat boiler, and blowed 'em all to atoms with gitting the fun and the jollification up too high? What's to become of these little things sir, if we go off duty. It's easy to see, without a telyscop, or a constable's peepers, the city 'ud have a shock of the apoplexy, and go into fits regularly till we begun to cry again. The news-boys, sir, and we all knows it—but we're too modest to say it out of doors—is the moral lamplighters of this 'ere city. The ge'mmen talks about public affairs: that's a good 'un, as if we did'nt keep the public mind straight about all that 'ere! If the Englishers go up into the bowels of China, and drink up all the old hyson, that's been laid away there, drying and gitting strength for four hundred year, I guess we knows it! What's the use of all our private interviews with the pressmen and clerks about Extras, if it don't come to that? By private advices we learns that the Florida Indians all waded in a body into a large swamp, and committed soo-cide by holding each others heads under water, on the nineteenth instant: where do you get all that from old fellow? Why from news-boy Tom or news-boy Bill or Joe Shirks, your sarvant.

I'm agin the motion, Mr. Cheerman, and move we sticks to *our* business, and lets overybody else stick to theirs!"

Another young gentleman followed who could'nt think of the proposition, as he had been assured, from good sources, that there were to be four powerful Extras issued in the course of the month—containing a vast deal of inflammable information, in advance of all the regular packets, steamers and stages; and for his part, he would'nt lose the chance. Theatre-money was low in his pocket—he had'nt seen a mellow-drama for a week, and it was asking too much of him.

Another was willing to do all *he* could to forward the proposition; but he'd like to know why the gem'men did'nt stick the bills himself; he seemed to have good legs of his own, and a very respectable pair of reachers. At this suggestion the chairman cried "order," and there was a general shout of disapprobation at the line of questioning adopted by the young gentleman.

After a pretty thorough discussion of the subject, when no satisfactory result seemed possible, the chairman himself arose.

“Ge’mmen!” said he, “this ’ll never do. These ge’mmen come to us with the very highest recommendations, and from the very most respectable quarters. We must’nt let ’em go away without a lift. We can help ’em, and we must. Now, there is in this very meeting, and I’m not afraid to say it, certain young gentlemen that had better go to be bill-stickers afore their healths is ruined and entirely broken up. There ’s one of us—I don’t mention names, ge’mmen—that bursted his voice on extra Junks last week; he was entirely too wiolent on the China question. His voice is gone. Then there ’s another of us—you recollect him, ge’mmen—who broke down (there was a sight for you) in the wery middle of the street, with a wery exciting number of the ‘Puncheon’ (containing all them pleasant particulars about the two dead bodies found in a gen’leman’s iron-safe) under his arm, tryin’ to do justice to it. How many wictims of weto messages there is in this room, *I* would’nt like to say: but I do know that a weto message from the presidin’ chief of these United States, and a influenza is equally fatal to the woice of the news-boy. Then there’s you, Ikey Larkins,” continued the chairman, addressing a lumbering, over-grown fellow, that stood shouldering a post in the corner: “Have n’t I told you more nor twenty times that you’r beyond the news-boy age. Its immoral of such a weteran as you to be cryin’ papers about New-York streets: don’t you see that your’e too big a build, that your’e lame of one leg and short of an eye; and yet you will keep hanging about the offices, and cutting in as if you was born to the business. Ge’mmen, let’s give Mr. Fishblatt six to begin with (Ikey Larkins for one) and throw ’em in one a day as fast as they break down. It’s carried!”

And in this summary way the mission of Puffer Hopkins and Mr. Fishblatt was accomplished, and amidst an uproar of cries, among which they heard above all others “three cheers for the cheer!” and “Ikey Larkins is a ‘extra foolish’”—they left.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STRANGE MATTER : PERHAPS NOT WITHOUT METHOD.

At early morning—the very hour, or nearly so, when Puffer Hopkins was holding an interview with the two women—an aged figure, wild and distracted, wandered about the fields beyond the city. His steps were uncertain and his whole look and action full of confusion and doubt: he seemed to be seeking something that was not to be found, and wherever he cast his eyes, wondered that it was not there. Where he had past the night, God only knows; but now that it was morning, he came abroad, drenched, disordered in dress, and wavered and groped about in the clear sunshine as if it had been mist. Bewildered and with troubled steps, he crossed the low hollows and meadows; straggled more perplexed than ever, through a crowded orchard; and at length stood on an ancient highway, the old Post Road. The moment his steps touched the road, they seemed on a familiar track; his look brightened; and with a gleaming countenance, he glanced about, till his eye fell on an old, faded country house. What joyful and happy gleams broke through the old man's features as he looked upon that old faded house! His eyes sparkled, his hands trembled for joy; and he raised them up and stretched them forth as if he could grasp that building, as a familiar friend, by an outstretched hand. Then the brightness passed away from his look; he was deeply moved, and in his agitation could scarcely drag himself to the spot where his eyes were fixed. With trembling hand he lifted the latchet of the gate; and as he walked up the path, he shook like one in a spasm.

Many times he walked round and round the house, before he entered. Then he went to the rear, raised a door that led to a ground cellar, and peered for a long space down into the gloom of the earth before he would descend. Through heaps of lumber, old decaying casks, and other ancient fragments, he picked his way; holding his breath and spreading out his arms before him. He soon found stairs that led into the upper chambers, and climbing these, he was in an apartment all dust and darkness,

still as death, barren and silent as the grave itself. He paused and listened, as if he expected the approach of some well-known tread; the greeting, perhaps, of a familiar voice. No voice answered—how could it at that lapse of time, unless it had lingered in the corners and recesses of the chamber, years after its owner was laid in the earth?

“Shall I let the morning light in upon all these?” said the old man, who called up in his mind a vivid image of all that this chamber held: “not yet; I think I could not bear it yet! I know that broad day is without,” he felt it more because of the darkness, “but I dare not let it in this chamber yet.”

With this he moved about the apartment, touching every thing with his hand—gently and kindly, as a blind man features and faces he would know—until he had gone through every article about the room, save one, and that was a chair—a simple, old-fashioned arm-chair, that stood by the hearth. He many times approached this as if he would know it as he had known whatever else was there; but his heart gave out and he fell back, leaning, in the darkness, against whatever chanced to be nearest.

Wrought upon by his own fancy and these acts of association, finding these many endeavors to no purpose, he rushed to a window, burst its hasp, and casting its shutters wide back, turned about and straining his gaze upon the empty chair by the hearth, he fell down like one in a fit.

Recovering, when the mid-day began to pour its warm beams into the chamber, he looked about the apartment, dwelling for a long time on each object; but when his eye fell on a door which led into a small chamber in one corner of the room, a change came over his countenance, and he turned aside as if he dared not look that way again. Presently, however, and seemingly moved thereto by some sudden impulse, he proceeded to the door, which was closed, drew it open, and clutching the door-post to hold him up, he leaned forward and looked within. There was nothing there but a narrow truckle-bed with a single tattered blanket upon it, and the cords, such as were visible, mouldering and dragging upon the floor; and yet what a shuddering horror crossed the old man's face as he

gazed upon it, how he trembled and bore heavily against the door-post, as if he had been smitten blind and helpless by the shock of a sudden blow.

He could neither enter nor retire; but stood there like one rooted to the earth. His mind was dwelling on what had passed there twenty years before: a little hideous old man, older than himself, lay, shivering under that blanket—he saw every line of his countenance—resting on his elbow, straining his ear to catch what passed in the neighboring chamber, and chuckling like a fiend, as he listened.

Consciousness and some power of motion, by degrees came back; he went away and sate down for a time, lost in a deep reverie; then he rose, and going forward cautiously, as if under the horrible belief that, that other old man was lying in wait within—he closed the door, turned the key in the lock which groaned aloud, and caused him to start; placed a chair with its back against the door, dropped into the seat, and fixed his eyes, as if he would never remove them thence, upon the old arm-chair standing by the hearth. Sometimes he wept as he looked there; then smiled, as if he would cheer some one that filled its seat; and then a keen anguish, an imploring look—full of sharpest desolation—shot into every feature and blinded his eyes with grief.

In this way he sate there for an hour or more, suffering with pangs that spake aloud in every line of his face, every muscle of his tortured old body—but immoveable. He strained his eyes forward—"She is going—God help us all—she is gone!" he cried, and broke from the chamber. He speeded swiftly into the hall; unfastened the door—the old bar crumbled as he pulled it down—and was in the open air. Much as he was moved, his feet yet lingered about the place; and while he wavered in his mind whether to stay or fly—standing and looking by turns back upon the house and out upon the road that stretched away into the country—his attention was fixed by a young figure that approached. It was a fair creature that he saw, not yet grown to the full age of care; but, nevertheless, pale, travel-stained, and partly borne down by a burthen (it was a plain willow basket) which she carried, and which she held close to her side.

She was hurrying by, when the old man accosted her.

"Stop me not, for heaven's sake, stop me not," she cried, as Hobbleshank stood in her way. "Life and death are in my steps. Death behind and death before me; and life only—a little lingering life—in such speed as I may make. I must be gone at once!"

The old man stood for a time, gazing at the pale young creature, and wondering what her meaning might be; recovering from his surprise, he presently laid his hand in hers (which was cold as marble) and said:

"Come in with me; you are sick and weary—that you cannot deny—with long travel. You need rest, and may find a little here. I once had good right to say to all comers, 'welcome here!'—that was many, many long, dreary years ago—it was then a cheerful, merry house; and now, we who are both stricken in sorrow, have a privilege any where, where darkness is, and dust and lonely gloom. Come in and rest."

As he spake, he drew her gently toward the house: she hesitated at first, and when she cast her eyes up at the old building, shuddered and started back as if it had been a prison; but when she turned and saw tears streaming in the old man's eyes—he had watched her with a sad constancy—she smiled sorrowfully, and at once entered in.

Why did *she* pause as she paced that broad old hall? What were those crumbling old walls, and those fading figures painted to the ceiling, saying to her? She looked about like one restored to a world she had known before; and could not tell where nor when. Wondering more and more, and on the watch at every step, like one that looks for a surprise, she was led by Hobbleshank, whose steps seemed moved that way by a force he could not control, into the chamber where he had suffered so much. He would have closed the door behind them, to shut off the cold airs that dwelt about the hall.

"In God's name," cried his young companion, "do not shut this chamber up so tight; you will stifle me. I had rather suffer all the unkindness of winter, than see any thing more of closed doors and darkened windows. I have seen enough already!" She looked uneasily about as she spake, sighed as in spite of herself, and was silent.

"You have had heavy troubles, for one so young," said the old man, "I know you have: for your eyes

seem to be looking not at present objects, but on what is behind and far away!"

"Don't speak of them now," she answered, drawing her breath short and fast; "but go out and look back upon the road, whether any travellers are coming this way in great haste. There will be a dark, deadly carriage close behind them."

Hobbleshank begged her to be seated, and went forth as she requested. He soon came back, and answered that there was none to be seen.

"I strained my gaze," said the old man, "the whole length of the road. Be comforted; there is no one in pursuit."

"In pursuit?" she answered, lifting her eyes upon him with a broad look of surprise and wonder. "Then you know that I have fled. Do you know from whom?"

"How could I fail to know?" answered Hobbleshank, whose heart softened toward the gentle questioner. "You have fled from tyrants. I see no stripes upon your person; you do not wear a prison garb; and yet I will swear that you are flying from the most cursed, cruel relentless despotism that could be laid on a young spirit like yours. Some one that may have spared your fair flesh, has been cutting your young heart to the quick—has been breaking your beautiful hopes, one by one; and you feel the sunshine and the free air to-day, for the first time, perhaps, in many a long year. Give an old man credit for some spirit of sorrowful judgment, and say I am right!"

Could the earnest truth with which Hobbleshank spake, out of the very bosom of a great inner world of sorrow in himself, fail to touch the other pale sufferer?

"I have had some troubles," she answered, feigning to smile. "But what of that, I am only grown old a little before my time. I will try to forget what is past; would God grant me strength to bear up against what is to come!" As she spake, a deadly paleness blanched her cheeks, and her eyes brightened into a vague splendor, that was almost fearful to look upon.

The old man sat fixed in his seat, gazing upon her; while there came floating into his mind, and assuming form and color, as he watched her haggard look, her features white as the tombstone marble, and her thin trem-

bling form, the memory of one just so troubled, shrunken and sorrowful, that faded away from that old arm-chair, a life-time ago.

Each lost in their own wandering and troubled thoughts, they sate there dumb and silent as two images in a cold vault.

"Do you dwell here?" she said at length; but seeing the dusty walls, from which the hangings tumbled piecemeal, and how dull cob-webs had engrossed the corners of the room, she added, "But I know you cannot."

"And yet I do," answered Hobbleshank, "in the spirit. My mind has lived in these chambers for many years; but this poor old body drags itself along in yonder city. This house is mine, and yet not mine; rather it belongs to a child of mine, whether in his grave or no, I cannot tell."

"Then he may be happy!" she said. "I have looked down into many graves, and used to think them dreary. But now I know there are graves on the earth, gloomier than any dug in the soil. Why do I stay here, talking so: when I should be abroad on my journey? I would not have tarried—though I am glad for your sake and my own, now, that I did—had I not wished, most fervently wished, to cross the threshold of the city with some strength and spirit to meet my task. I must go."

She rose; possessed herself of the willow basket, which she had laid on the ground, at her side, and took the old man by the hand.

"I am sorry that you go," he said, looking kindly upon the gentle creature. "You know not what guests and fancies you leave me to. Can I go with you to the great city in no friendly service?"

"In none whatever, I fear," she answered. "My task is a simple one, and asks only a kindly spirit to fill it well. I go to tend at the bedside of a dear friend who is sick. I must hasten, or he may have bid the world good-by already. I think," she added, laying her pale white hand upon the basket, "I have some comfort here for him."

"An old man's good wishes shall go with you every step! Cheer up and speed, then, if such be your errand: the city darkens apace, and I shall be alone again, as I have been, and shall be, how long heaven knows."

He led her through the old broad hall; she looked at

the dim old figures with the same strange interest as before ; and in a moment they stood upon the door-step.

"Remember," said Hobbleshank, "though we have met but once, we are old friends."

She pressed his hand closely in her own, and proceeded on her way. Once forth upon the road again, she strained her eyes with painful earnestness toward the city, as if she could so call up out of all the great and turbid mass, the little bedside she wished to see ; pausing only once or twice to look back at the old man, who at last fell within and closed the door.

TO A BUTTERFLY AMONG THE ROSES.

Thou voiceless creature of a sunny morn,
Beneath this flowery lilach-tree,
O, how I love to look at thee !
Thou hast, I ween, some tender hue
Of all that blooms in sun and dew :
I wonder what is here thy duty,
Thou floating picture of May's beauty ?
Perchance, thou wandering fancy, thou wast born
For me this passing moment to adorn.

I fain would think such errand thine this morn :
To yonder hungry thrush—although
I scare him from the bough—I know
A sudden certain prey thou art :
And never will in mortal heart
Awake again that feeling fine,
Which now, bright moth, thou wakest in mine ;
So I will say, fair creature, thou wast born
For me this flying moment to adorn.

My life, tho' lonely, could not be forlorn,
While heaven upon my pathway flings
Such beautiful, such sinless things :
And here, before thy being closes,
—My heart with thee among the roses—
I'll let thine early love for beauty
Awake my soul afresh to duty ;
And pour a warm thanksgiving thou wast born
For me one passing moment to adorn.

THE LOVER AND THE HUSBAND.*

THIS is, we believe, the first occasion of a work of fiction of the modern French school of passion having been regularly introduced to English readers by a responsible host. Mrs. Gore has become the *chaperon*, and it is very certain she has brought into the polite world a fascinating, a clever, a somewhat true, and withal a particularly dangerous book. It is a novel that will create prejudice in some minds, with those of that extreme fastidiousness, who shun the least exhibition of evil in a world that is full of it; it will go very far to allay prejudice with others who think the best cure of crime, an open confession of it, and who have hitherto derived their notions of French Romance from the diablerie of police reports, and the wholesale critiques of the Quarterly. The present style of these fearful Parisian novels, is a mixed, intricate compound of truth and egotism. They are true; for they portray an actually existent state of society; they are false to the highest laws of art, for the novelist too often throws in his own recklessness, takes sides with the system he exhibits, and encourages the morbid propensities he should frankly and strongly disown. If society be vicious, he is *particeps criminis*. But, still, for the immorality set forth upon the page of the novelist of real life, as a delineator of actual manners, he is not responsible; the sin lies first in the exhausted, debilitated atmosphere of French society.

Mrs. Gore is aware of this plea in publishing these volumes. She says, "They are derived from one of the most popular, and decidedly the most original, of modern French novelists, who, as a faithful delineator of the manners of the day, may be pronounced as true to nature, as Miss Austen herself; if, indeed, it be permissible to compare that admirable fac-simile of the calm and colorless serenity of the homes of England, with the philosophical satirist of a state of society, unhinged by revolutions, and characterized by demoralization, wearing the smoothest and most tempting surface—

Like to the apples of the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste!"

* *The Lover and Husband*: Edited by Mrs. Gore. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia; Lea & Blanchard; 1842.

But how can the fair editress vindicate the presentation of such pictures of criminality to English maidens, when she admits that they are excusable, only because addressed to a different order of society in France. There, forsooth, they are read by persons, "care-worn with the business of life, and too firm of principle to be injured by light or frivolous pastimes." English novels are pure, because written to be put into the hands of "persons of immature judgment and experience." Alas! why make *The Lover and the Husband*, that highly-seasoned dish of crime, well flavored with sentimentality, the diseased *paté de foie gras* for the jaded Parisian palate, the food for those who have worn out the healthy stimulants of life, for whom innocence is too simple a banquet, why make it a corrupt *English* novel, for the injury of these poor, simple, immature maidens? It had been better to leave this picture of life, if so accurate a picture of life it is, in the original, where philosophers might have consulted it, and literary epicures got at it with very little trouble. Since it is thus published and-republished, we must make out of it what moral we can, and with the bane provide an antidote.

The story is graphically written, the scenes are well chosen and brought out in high relief, the dialogues are short and to the purpose; there is none of that tedious burden of description, so apt to overlay English novels of the day; and it is to be considered matter of the greatest critical commendation, that the whole work, with no sacrifice of interest or plot, occupies just one-half the number of pages of one of our ordinary romances. A malison upon the man who first imposed the unfortunate condition that every new novel should be in three volumes post octavo.

The scene of the *Lover and the Husband* is laid in the provinces at the castle of Bergenheim, an old gray feudal structure, that reared its sombre height by the banks of a river in the district of the Vosges. The manners, however, are all Parisian, with the exception of a few well-sketch-ed scenes in the neighboring village inn, and a glimpse of provincial society at a dinner one day at the castle. The Baron of Bergenheim, the husband, and his wife, the victim of the tale, with her sister, who is graphically described in few words, as possessing "the quintessence of prudery, concentrated by sixty years of celibacy in the

coagulated soul of an old maid," are the inmates. The story opens with a storm, and it is a very dull day in the company of the coagulated old maid, for Madame Bergenheim. Just then was lurking in the neighborhood, with the stealth of the serpent encroaching upon the verdurous wall of Paradise, M. de Gerfaut, a Parisian author of the highest celebrity, who had invented a new school of writing, who wrote the most fashionable dramas, without whom no magazine was complete, who was illustrated by the first artists, Porret and Tony Johannot, and whose name, if all that we have recited is not perspicuous enough, was included in "that illustrious dozen, who are styled the field marshals of French literature, and of whom Chateaubriand is the generalissimo." M. Gerfaut had come thus far out of his way to sneak into the castle and betray the mistress.

The first fault we have to find with a man, the representative of so remarkable a class of actors, in the modern French drama, the authors, is, that he appears on a first introduction to so great disadvantage with so little of the gentleman about him. In the dress of a peasant, this accomplished author, and a Viscount beside, was skulking in the village Inn waiting for chance and stratagem to gain him an introduction to the castle. It is of some satisfaction to those poor drones who are content to drag on through the world a life of virtue, to know that in all such honorable transactions of crime, the first step is into unmitigated meanness and degradation.

M. Gerfaut, at the period of his first acquaintanceship with the Madame Bergenheim, was an exhausted author. Two of his plays had been damned, he was twenty thousand francs out of pocket, and a projected journey to the East was all knocked in the head. His brains he had worked to extinction. "I had placed forcing pumps to my very arteries and the fountains of life were exhausted. My pericranium was hardened by incessant knocking: that pericranium from which intelligence was wont to exude, like smoke from a volcano! My faculties were obscured. My imagination refused to sound the chords of her lyre, but lay crushed, like a warrior panting under the knee of his adversary, and vainly imploring mercy." He called for a Doctor, and he recommended the country and a new passion. "The Doctor is facetious!"

thought I. "He supposes the passions to be like the five pence of the wandering Jew, inexhaustible! I resolved to look out for a stray passion. Cupid and I had long since balanced our accounts. I had done scarcely anything else but love for many a long year past. The last drop of the enchanted cup of passion was evaporated. I had exhausted all—from the perfumes floating upon the surface, to the dregs at the bottom. Moreover, I had written so much upon the subject, my comedies had united in marriage so many interesting young ladies with the objects of their tenderness, and my dramas had ruined the reputation of so many frail fair ones, that the chimerical creations of my imagination had consumed the little ardor left me by the riotous adventures of my youth. . . . There exists between the author and his audience, a reaction of sympathy, of which the charm is unspeakable. How often, concealed in my private box, have I participated in the emotions of which I was the origin! How often have I gazed upon groups of well-dressed women, blooming like clusters of brilliant flowers—remarkable from their beauty, rank, or wealth—who, at that moment, forgot their husbands, their lovers, and themselves, and thought only of *me!* The fire of my imagination had thawed the ice of their haughty contemptuous spirits. It was I who had poured into their hearts the streams of burning lava overflowing from the volcano in my own bosom. From me, as from a ruling star, shot forth the piercing rays, whose contact produced vibrations in the hearts of the coldest coquettes. Those heaving bosoms, those blushing cheeks, the tears flowing from eyes as hard and brilliant as the diamond, owed all their emotion to the fervor of my intelligence."

This is a spirited declamation and a fair specimen of the style of the book. M. Gerfaut tried the passion of gambling, but was unsuccessful: he then turned to the country, and was fast acquiring health in Switzerland when he met with the Baroness Bergenheim. He was one morning throwing his staff into the air in great exhilaration, when it fell and struck a mule on the edge of a precipice. It was of course the act of a moment to rescue the fair rider. Another romantic opportunity offered to save the life of the lady on the *Mer de Glace*. A passion ensued; he followed the lady through the balls

and soirées of the Faubourg St. Germain and was now on his quest at the residence of her liege lord at the castle.

We cannot pursue the stale subterfuges and devices by which he gained admittance, but once there he acted the part of a devil, by fawning on the coagulated old maid, by devoting his time to the husband, by talking sentiment, commonplace enough, but skilfully administered in the weak hours of the wife, by alternate attention and neglects, by ministering to pride, to jealousy (while he pretended to court another,) he so wrought upon the baroness, a woman of feeble character that she fell into his toils, loathed a husband painted as all manliness and honor, and crouched to this viper who introduced to her home the lowest arts and devices of his most profligate melo-dramas at the Porte St. Martin. By this evil passion the author intends to show the injustice, the false positions of French society, that she had married without ever loving, and this was the passion of her life out of which she had been cheated by a marriage in which her heart had no share. Such marriages, of convenience, may be among the evils of French society, but if they are to be cured by alliances with men like Gerfaut, they had better remain as they are. He had instilled the poison, in her veins and the once honorable wife, the gentle, the beautiful woman, as she reclined on a divan and dreamed of her lover, could thus loathe and curse the married state. Remember, it is said of a husband all honor and affection towards her, "Bergenheim was no more the insignificant ally whom she had condemned to the vile position of a listless neutrality; nor yet the protector in whose arms his wife had a right to take repose, when she found the ground she stood on, slipping from under her feet. He was a husband in the worldly and Parisian sense of the term; a jealous and brutal despot, a nightmare of all hours, an insect, polluting the pure beauty of the rose; an object of repugnance, disgust and ridicule, from the moment that neither principle nor affection shed their holy charm around the marriage chain! And this man was armed with the vengeance of the law, ever ready to protect the strongest party! She was his serf, bound to the soil by the most indissoluble of compacts. She was branded with his mark. She was his for this world and the next. . He held in his hand the con-

ditions of her very existence. He was the dispenser of her fortune, the judge of her actions, the master of her domestic hearth. Her only dignity emanated from him. If he withdrew his support, but for a single day, she must fall from the high estate to which no human power could restore her. The world would close its doors against the proscribed wife, and add to the sentence of her husband more vehement anathema; for there is no brighter sky, no propitious breeze for the blighted flowers of sin. Even the least reprehensible find a thousand feet to trample on them, a thousand reptiles to cast their deadly venom on those withering leaves."

There are cases in which tyrannical husbands, armed with the power of the law, and the more grievous authority of custom, commit injuries upon tender defenceless women to provoke such language. There are broken hearts of long suffering wives, who go down to graves opened for them in the very hearth-stone, by the fireside of domestic life. There are inborn meanness and paltry usurpations of authority; and a thousand daily wrongs committed by man, which have no name in the municipal record of offences, but which are pointed like steel at the breast of wives. For these no language of denunciation can be too unmeasured; they are crimes of which too little note is taken. They should be visited with scorn and pursued with infamy. But such is not the picture of married life presented in these volumes. It is of a happy family, where the pride of the husband in his wife, is only equalled by his confidence in her honor; where an eminent social position offered every resource of generous and noble living; where it required not even self-restraint to be virtuous, but where simple gratitude and generosity might preserve the path of rectitude. With a disposition inclined to virtue, yet with a want of mental energy, easily lapsing into sensuality, the wife the innocent wife, as she is repeatedly called, falls a willing prey to the shallow arts of a getter up of sentiment and passion by trade. This is a true picture. Such women, of little mark or character are apt to fall, and the bold impudent followers of Don Juan are still more apt to betray. We object not to the story as a picture of French life, showing virtue overrated, crime incurred with facility and profligacy bold, though similar cases

might be drawn from any other nation as well as France, but we do object to the leading moral or rather immoral of the story—which shields the criminal wife, throws a veil of sentiment over the lover, and fastens all the evil upon a false law of society, in obedience to which, women do not marry their lovers.

We recognize as necessary to the welfare and support of society, as well as the individual, one principle of which nothing is said or practised in these volumes, the noble principle of self-restraint. Life, generous life, is not as these easy philosophers would teach us, a course of yielding to the passions; but it is the proud government of those passions. It is not the number of sensations through which we may hurry in a career of love, hate, or ambition; but it is the excellence of a few regulating motives. With these writers, virtue is but a stale affair, close, mean, and timid, while profligacy flaunts in the sunshine, and with open breast and flushed brow sweeps along in the gale of the passions. With these writers, to know life, is to be wicked; to know human nature, is to be acquainted with its worst part; it is to be skilled in the arts of deception and intrigue, to know the soft avenues of approach of false sentiment and low sensuality to the ill-regulated female heart; it is to be harassed by passion and familiar with satiety; it is the knowledge which is gained by loss of principle; it is the knowledge in which the boldest and most wicked man is the wisest.

There is another knowledge of life of little esteem in the thoughts of these adepts, the exhibition of which is visited by them with contempt. It is the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, a soul at peace with itself, in harmony with the world, in calm reliance for the hour of death and the opening of the gate of heaven. It is the virtue of those who are not brawlers or sensualists, whose highest glory is not to boast themselves more wicked than they have the courage or the ability to be at a fashionable club or soirée, but who, in all humility, looking up to some lofty ideal of virtue would assimilate themselves, day by day, to the gentleness, the patience, the magnanimity of the true hero. Such as these have been too long overlooked in the world. They need no glory or praise of men, but for the sake of the human nature of all, the

good and the profligate, let not such colored pictures of life, as Mrs. Gore has introduced, be suffered to pass for what they pretend to be. Let them be stripped of their false brilliancy; let the aim of all literature be preserved, "to show vice her own feature, virtue her own image."

Time's Wallet, No. 2.

THE PLEASANT COMODIE OF PATIENT GRISSIL.

A Remarkable contrast to the story of the French wife, alluded to in the last article, is the patience and exemplary virtue of Griselda, a name to be had in reverence through all time, which will ever live upon the lips of poets, while humble innocence sits in quiet, bearing the unruly wrongs of the world in gentleness and meekness. What a beautiful picture of patient, long suffering woman, the angelic nature hid in the mother, and the wife, going about, curing all difficulties, removing all obstacles, by the sacred ministry of silence. Never a word of reproach, though she suffered all indignities, escaped the lips of Griselda. She loved once, the love of an unreserved maidenly spirit, and having given her heart, she could not take it back again, though the gift to all the world beside seemed an unremembered, a despised thing. She was rich in giving; her love triumphed over jealousy; it could not be broken down; it pursued her husband with blessings; it was happier in bestowing than receiving. Listen, reader, to the simple story, as it was told the last of these hundred tales, to the ladies of Florence, by Boccaccio, in times it has been the custom, very modestly for us moderns, to call the dark ages. We fear in these bright days of utilitarianism and the rights of woman, the eye is indeed too dazzled by the light to see anywhere such simple objects as Griselda. Such characters required shade, and the dark ages need not be ashamed of them.

Chaucer tells the story in his Clerk of Oxenford's tale, having derived it from the Italian; but later yet the story

received a richer grace in that proud period of poetry, the Elizabethan age, from the hands of the dramatist Dekker. It was a tale admirably suited to the purposes of the drama, and nobly did Dekker endow it, adding beauty to its simplicity; giving words of gentlest poetry to the secret motives of the heart. As it was related by Chaucer, (who agrees mainly with the Decameron,) the incidents were simply these. The Marquis of Saluzzo, lord over a pleasant range of territory in northern Italy, was urged by his courtiers to wed, and he appointed a day on which he would set before them his bride. He had often seen in her father's fields in the neighborhood of his palace, a beautiful simple maiden, who passed her time among the oxen and sheep, who slept softly on a hard couch, "who would oftener drink of the well than the tun." Her he selected for his bride, and Griselda left her father's cot and her rural life for the throne of a prince. The Marquis was a constant lover, but one of those men who are perpetually in the world ministering to their own unhappiness, who cannot let well alone, who must be trying experiments with their friends and lovers, who sow suspicions and generally reap a rich harvest of ingratitude. They end by making the world as bad as they had imagined it. The Marquis first robs his wife of one child; sending a gloomy, villainous looking fellow, as if bent on assassination; then he robs her of another, then strips her of her dignities, and then appoints a new marriage with another lady, who turns out to be the daughter of whom she had been first robbed, the children are restored to the mother, and the mother to her throne, and all ends happily. This, with a somewhat meagre narrative, is the whole of Chaucer's story. In this state Dekker found it; he re-set the gem and burnished it till it was fire new in the light of his poetry.

His comedy of Patient Grissil, after lying neglected since the time in which it was first published, has been just reprinted by the Shakespeare Society. There were but two perfect copies in existence, one in the Bodleian Library, the other in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. It appears now carefully edited, with notes, by Collier, a generous literary labor that ought soon to be extended to all the other works of Dekker that are accessible. From the specimens of his works in Dodsley

and Lamb, and the eulogy of Hazlitt, he was one of the most vigorous of a race of great men. There are two names associated with that of Dekker in the production of this play, Haughton and Chettle, but their parts are (as satisfactorily set forth by a critic in the *London Examiner*;) easily distinguishable. Dekker is the author of all that relates to Griselda; the rest is apart from the main story. While acknowledging the critical ability of the *Examiner*, we may for the reader's sake quote a brief passage from the criticism. Speaking of Dekker's share of the play, the reviewer finely remarks, "The beauty, the simplicity, the deep pathos, wrought in the main action of the play, affiliate themselves of right to Dekker. No one else could own them. Great as was the common heritage of genius in that day, the subtle master-touches of the creator of an Orlando Friscobaldo, of a Bellafront, of a Candido, are yet unerringly to be singled from the stock. We have them here enshrined. In the characters of the heroine and her family, there lives the very soul of that daring and passionate burst of sweetness, which, had he written not another line, would have immortalized Dekker's name.

Patience! why 'tis the soul of peace,
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven:
It makes men look like gods. . . . The best of Men
That e'er wore earth about him was a Sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

"And in these noble lines, let us take the opportunity of saying, is written the secret of the extraordinary popularity of the famous story of Griselda. Taken abstractedly, there cannot be a doubt of the monstrous, nay impossible character, of many of its chief details. . . . Why then did Dekker take up such a story for the profitable exercise of his genius? Because, there is, beneath and independent of all its falsehood, a truth of the divines character. The rest falls off as temporary and trivial while this remains—profound, eternal. In the heavenly sweetness of Griselda amongst all her wrongs; in the sense of duty wherein she teaches us to stand fixed, though amidst all horrible, unnatural portents the firmament itself should fall; in the triumph to which through every possible shape of evil this sublime obedience tends; in

its victory of weakness over strength, and its final submission of hostility to love; there shone forth to the heart of this brave old writer, all those reverential lessons which are of deepest import to humanity, and which had already received their highest and holiest illustration from the patience and suffering of Him whom he dared with irreverence to call

“The first true gentleman that ever breath’d.”

Dekker introduces Griselda at work in the open air, with her father, Janiculo, a man of a cheerful temperament, who sings brave careless lyrics of the olden time.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
 O, sweet content!
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
 O, punishment!
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
 To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
 O, sweet content! O sweet, &c.
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labor bears a lovely face:
 Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
 O, sweet content!
 Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
 O, punishment!
 Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
 O, sweet content, &c.
 Work apace, apace, &c.

Her father has in him a spice of the same author's Orlando Friscobaldo: he is heart whole.

The daughter was taken from the sheep cot to adorn the throne, and she carried with her to the palace as memorials of her poverty, the water pitcher, her old companion to the spring, and her russet gown: they were the symbols of her rustic youth and innocence. She never forgot those early days; fortune and sudden elevation could not turn her head; for the heart was fixed. Quaintly does a clown in the play moralize over these changes. “Grissil was as pretty a Grissil in the one as in the other.”

We cannot separate from the play the exquisite variety of the scenes added to the story by Dekker, the loquacity of the clown, a running accompaniment of mirth and earnestness, as necessary to the sentiment of the play as

the more staid chorus of Æschylus or Sophocles; the irresolution and the brave talk of Lauzeo, the poor scholar, the brother of Griselda; the manliness and native strength of Janiculo—these are characteristic of nature and the old English drama, terms almost synonymous. One single word of the clown Babulo, a mere passing conceit, has more in it of grace and eloquence than many a labored harangue, in the simplicity of childhood. He says to Janiculo, when the daughter is sent back to her cot with her children, “A fig for care! old master, but now old grandsire, take this little *Pope Innocent*: we’ll give over basket-making and turn nurses.”

One scene we must quote for the sake of Griselda and her heavenly character. The children had been taken from her by Furio, the messenger of her husband, whom she overhears as he wishes they had a better nurse than he.

[*Re*]-Enter *Grissil*, *stealingly*.

Gri. A better nurse! seek’st thou a better nurse?
A better nurse than whom?

Fu. Than you; away.

Gri. I am their mother: I must not away.
Look, look, good Furio; look, they smile on me:
I know, poor hearts, they fear to smile on thee.
I prythee, let me have them.

Fu. Touch them not.

Gri. I prythee, let me touch them.

Fu. No; hands off.

Gri. I prythee, gentle Furio, let me kiss them.

Fu. Not one kiss for a king’s crown.

Gri. Must I not kiss my babes? Must I not touch them?

Alas! what sin so vile hath Grissil done,
That thus she should be vexed? not kiss my infants!

Who taught thee to be cruel, gentle churl?

What must thou do with them?

Fu. Get them a nurse.

Gri. A nurse! alack, what nurse? where must she dwell?

Fu. I must not tell you—till I know myself.

Gri. For God’s sake, who must nurse them? do but name her,
And I will swear those fiery eyes do smile,
And I will swear, that which none else will swear,
That thy grim brows do mercy’s livery wear.

Fu. Chuse you.

[*Re*]-Enter *Marquess*, *standing aside*.

Gri. Oh, God! oh, God! might Grissil have her choice,
My babes should not be scar’d with thy devil’s voice!

Thou get a nurse for them? they can abide

To taste no milk but mine. Come, come, I’ll chide,

In faith you cruel man, I’ll chide indeed,
If I grow angry.

Fu. Do, do; I care not.

Mar. [*Aside*] To chide and curse thy lord thou hast more need.

Gri. Wilt thou not tell me who shall be their nurse?

Fu. No.

Gri. Wilt thou not let me kiss them?

Fu. No, I say.

Gri. I prythee, let my tears, let my bow'd knees,
Bend thy obdurate heart. See, here's a fountain
Which heaven into this alabaster bowels*
Instill'd to nourish them: man, they'll cry,
And blame thee that this runs so lavishly.

Here's milk for both my babes—two breasts for two.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Poor babes! I weep to see what wrong I do.

Gri. I pray thee let them suck. I am most meet
To play their nurse; they'll smile, and say 'tissweet
Which streams from hence. If thou dost bear them hence,
My angry breasts will swell, and as mine eyes
Let fall salt drops, with these white nectar tears
They will be mix'd, this sweet will then be brine.
They'll cry; I'll chide, and say the sin is thine.

Fu. Mine arms ache mightily, and my heart aches.

Mar. [*Aside.*] And so doth mine. Sweet sounds this discord makes.

Fu. Here, madam, take one: I am weary of both. Touch it and kiss it
too, it's a sweet child. [*Aside.*] I would I were rid of my misery, for I shall
drown my heart with my tears that fall inward.

Gri. Oh, this is gently done! this is my boy,
My first-born care; thy feet that ne'er felt ground,
Have travell'd longest in this land of woe,
This world's wilderness, and hast most need
Of my most comfort. Oh, I thank thee, Furio:
knew I should transform thee with my tears,
And melt thy adamant heart like wax.
What wrong shall these have to be ta'en from me!
Mildly entreat their nurse to touch them mildly,
For my soul tells me, that my honored lord
Does but to try poor Grissil's constancy.
He's full of mercy, justice, full of love.

Mar. [*Aside.*] My cheeks do glow with shame to hear her speak.
Should I not weep for joy, my heart would break.
And yet a little more I'll stretch my trial.

The Examiner critic (John Forster, the author of the
Lives of Cromwell and Hamden,) has been before us
with his divining rod and pointed out the pure gold in this
rich mine. Happily does he quote this little passage as
containing the very essence of the story, when Griselda
is introduced to her husband's new bride, unconscious
that it is her daughter.

Mar. How do you like my bride?

Gri. I think her blest

**Sic* in this reprint of Mr. Collier's; who it will be seen, has modernized the
spelling throughout. But he is naturally not contented with the line, and says
in a note "*Bowels* seems wrong, and perhaps we ought to read *vessel*." We
are surprised that the obvious reading should have escaped Mr. Collier. Sub-
stitute *these* for *this*, and the line stands thus—

Which heaven into these alabaster bowls.

The insertion of the *e* in that last word was incident to the old spelling. It
cannot be doubted, we think, that this was the meaning of Dekker."

To have the love of such a noble lord.

Mar. You flatter me.

Gri. Indeed, I speak the truth ;
Only I prostrately beseech your grace,
That you consider of her tender years.
Which, as a flower in spring, may soon be nipped
With the least frost of cold adversity.

Mar. Why are not you then nipp'd ? *you still seem fresh,*
As if adversity's cold icy hand
Had never laid his fingers on your heart.

Gri. IT NEVER TOUCH'D MY HEART: adversity
Dwells still with them that dwell with misery,
But mild content hath eas'd me of that yoke:
Patience hath borne the bruise, and I the stroke.

In conclusion we commend to the attention of our readers, and especially to public libraries, the valuable publications of the Shakespeare Society, of which this is one. The subscription list, limited to a thousand, (in which we believe there are yet vacancies) numbers some of the best names in modern literature. There are the antiquarians to a man and the English critics of the periodicals; Tieck the poet and lover of Shakespeare, at Dresden, the foreign libraries, and a few straggling Americans, among whom we perceive Jaded Sparks. An early application, through Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, will secure a most valuable treasure that will soon be among the rarities of literature.

A SERIOUS ARGUMENT AGAINST THE USE OF CLOTHING: ADDRESSED TO TAILORS.

"SOME were for the utter extirpation
Of linsey-woolsey in the nation." HUDIBRAS.

I TRUST I shall not be suspected of the purpose, in this paper, of putting an insult upon the respectable fraternity to whom it is addressed. On the contrary, I have hopes built upon the justice of my object and the purity of my wishes, to win them over to the view I intend to take, and to convince them that a refined and nice moral sense, as well as a lofty and philosophical comprehension of the fitness of things requires at their hands an immediate abandonment of the profession in

which they are at present engaged. I trust to be able to prove to them that it is their duty to break in pieces their lap-boards, take down their signs, give their iron geese the wing, and bid a long farewell to skein and needle.

Beside the urgent necessity resting upon them to restore themselves, physically, to that erect posture from which they have fallen, I shall bring before them reasons more purely addressed to their understanding.

It is clear, then, in the first place, that tailors came in with the fall. Adam, in his primitive condition, ennobled by the complete developement of every power of the mind and nerve of the body—a profounder philosopher than Bacon—superior (in all probability) in imagination to Shakespeare—as a musician, sweeter than Mozart, and in fact, as a universal handicraftsman, to all the world since—Adam—what was the secret or at least the developement of all his power? HE WENT UNDRESSED! If I may so speak, without irreverence to the founder of our family, he was the Great Shirtless.

His descendants degenerated. They were trowsered and coated. And this was the first sad symptom of the fall. Had not pantaloons been introduced, there had been hope for man. The downfall was not complete—the destruction was not irremediable—the last chain was not irrevocably bound upon us—till Adam drew on his first pair of indispensables. Of immorality

—“the primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam’s first green breeches.”

In making up the account of our depravity, we must halt here. Farther backward we cannot journey.

Adam, before this, might have perpetrated the indecency of talking Dutch in the Garden; but we have no records—no authentic history of that absurdity. We begin with the surmounting of the articles set forth in the couplet.

He drew them on, not like a modern juvenile, with exultant eyes and eager limbs, (though they were his first suit,) but with sorrowing and tears. Through the two narrow vistas down which his legs descended, as through the tubes of a telescope, he saw the degradation of his race. Bloody-visaged War and hypocritic Peace, Pesti-

lence and Famine, Disease and Death, peered at him through those twin openings.

Oh! had that fatal suit never been donned, how glorious a spectacle would this our world present! It would have swarmed with tall and pure intelligences, "only less than the angels." But, mark the consequences! Cain becomes a butcher, and Abel a huckster; afterward, the first a vagabond, the second a carcass.

Such were the disgraces which the first clothing put upon our humanity. Every age, since the ejection of our first parent from his territories, has seen their renewal. If man had remained to this hour unclothed and unshirted, he had been still pure and happy. But misery and dress go together—they are natural yoke-fellows. Whenever I see a pair of breeches, I think of original sin, and small clothes remind me of total depravity. A frock coat is to me the exponent of damnation, and a tight-bodied one, the sign and token of eternal torture.

Is it not our duty, then, to put away from us these mementos of our shame?—to cast to the winds these daily slaves of Philip, whose ever business it is to babble in our ears—"Thou must die!" Shall we endure these provocative monitors?—shall we put up with these woollen impertinences?—manufactured disturbers of peace?—these hangers-on?

I think not. Better visions dawn upon me. I see the Naked Age approaching. I see the time when tailors' bills shall be no more, or become mere matters of history—remembered, only to be classed with the witches and goblins which affrighted our ancestors.

The argument against clothing assumes (if possible) a still more serious aspect, when examined in its connection with the *dignity* of man.

It must be confessed, that all objects are pure, in proportion as they are free from contingents and adjuncts. The diamond only when cleaned from its imbedding earth exhibits its full lustre, and the pearl shines not forth in its clear, native whiteness, till disinterred from the confining oyster. Sir Isaac Newton was of opinion that the only sorts of chaste matter on earth were certain fine particles, or impenetrable, finite atoms, and that all other matter was a mere mongrel. He considered the pure existence of atoms to be in a state of undress. I

agree with the venerable author of the pippin (sometimes called the gravitating) philosophy. Man is among the corruptible—the adulterated—the impure.

There is something to me ludicrous in the very physical structure of man. He is a “forked radish.” It always seemed to me some strange error or accident in his formation, that he was divided and cleft at the bottom. It would better fulfil my notions of symmetry, if he were fashioned column-like, and progressed with *one* leg. By having two, it would seem as if, in some convulsion of nature, he had *split up*.

My notions of a perfect being, gentle reader—to let thee a little into some new mysteries—is (abandoning the columnar doctrine,) as a shapeless and invisible cloud, containing in itself the power of motion, and floating about guided by mere impulse. I would have it possess a full source of harmony, and capable of breathing music and sweet sounds at will. It should journey to and fro, in company with the seasons; it should rest under the shadow of a mountain in Greece, and melt into crimson and golden hues in our own far west. Sometimes it should glide noiselessly amid the flowers, the rare and pleasant flowers of England, or over the famed war-fields of old France. It should possess the perfect power of metempsychosis or transition; at one time it might cool, far up in the ether, into all the delicious freshness of snow, and at another dissolve in all the sweet, summer tenderness of rain.

But mark me: it should be no common cloud, this perfect creature, this paragon, this phoenix of mine. It should bear about in the heavens no semblance of garments. It should figure forth to the clown or the school-boy’s brain no rude monster bedighted in fantastical apparel; no celestial Dutchmen; no well-breeched harlequin; no valorous chieftains, with black cocked hats, made of wind, with swords of vapor. No: But there, pillowed on the air, my human cloud, my immortal fragment of ether, my animate and beautiful substitute for man, should sit and become intellectual with thought.

“Beautiful cloud! I would I were with thee
In thy calm way o’er land and sea;
To rest on thy unrolling skirts, and look
On earth as on an open book!”

By looking at your next neighbor, you will soon see that he is no such thing as my perfect and symmetrical being. You will not only see that he is a little toy, moulded of clay, but that he is also tricked out in that inhuman absurdity styled dress. From the chin to the heels, he is a tailor's ape. What an abasement!—how desperate a degradation!

Man, it seems, cannot be man without this pitiful adjunct; he is a tree that blooms not without this foliage. And yet it irks him: it is a bondage to him, to be cased up thus within woollen walls. His soul lives in a double prison; it is egg within egg; first a shell of clay, and next an outer covering upon that of cloth. How is it possible for orators and divines to reach this doubly-defended nucleus? Can a refined sentiment make its way through broadcloth?—or will a pointed thought or fierce denunciation pierce the solidity of a Petersham?

Man goeth about bearing his own shame as a burden upon his back; and yet he aspires to mate with the angels. Think you *they* stoop to these appendages? That they walk the heavenly avenues cultivating the cock of a hat, or staking the happiness of their immortal natures on the roll of a collar? No: the higher we ascend the scale of intelligence, the less do we find of this vain incumbrance.

Even the brute has a lesson for us here. The horse—does he wear aught over his leathern jerkin? And have I not seen Sir Goat strut forth with only his mohair cloak cast over his shoulder, with much of native and dignified simplicity?

Let us sift our notions nicely, then, and with candor, and we shall speedily learn that we have an instinct within us which preacheth against clothing—at least against the modern modification of that vileness.

Perhaps we may conceive, with some show of reason, of Alcibiades promenading our Broadway with a cane and whiskers, or the Emperor Otho arranging his curls in faultless mirrors; but what say you, reader, to Socrates in the Portico philosophising in a round-about, or Cicero walking the Forum (forecasting an oration against Cataline) in a pair of top-boots?—or Plato in nankeens?—or Pythagoras in a swallow-tail?—Hercules in small-clothes?—or Homer (pauper though he was) in a dicky?

It is beyond you—is it not ?

POST SCRIPTUM.—When I had laid the first timbers, as it were, of the above essay, I mentioned my views (such as I expected to set forth, and have set forth here,) to a bosom friend of mine, confidentially. I think he must, in some failing moment, have broken his trust. It appears the tailors have “got wind” of the forthcoming argument, and are beginning to take steps to prevent the dissemination of its doctrines. The following I take from an evening paper :

“NOTICE. TO TAILORS. The Tailors of the City of New-York are respectfully invited to attend a meeting of the trade, to be held at Jefferson House, on Monday evening next, *when business of importance will be laid before them.*”

The mark at which this points is palpable. I am further corroborated in the belief that some movement is on foot among the Thimbles, from the circumstance that when the other day I was taking my customary afternoon's walk, I was met by a tailor's journeyman, who, in the usual hobbling style, was hurrying home with a coat on his left arm. As I passed him, the fellow, who by some mode or other had become acquainted with my person, put his unemployed hand into his hind pocket, and shook out his coat tail deliberately in my face !

RABELAIS' EASY-CHAIR.

PART SECOND.

OF life economic, and moral change, and history, then our laughing Socrates discourses. What a field is here—the great English poetic Socrates tell us, “What a piece of work is a man ! how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties !” In the jest-clothed form of the contemporaneous teacher of mankind, the infinite faculties are developed ; man is shown, holding nations, the earth, the universe, within him ; he is the great prince Pantagruel—his stature reaching towards the heaven, his feet resting on the earth—the dry, thirsty earth he springs

from—and the insatiable desire for wisdom implanted within him, urges him to interminable “drink.” Grant us pardon ye bands of good fellows, who seeing the evil of the Noachic juice, drown yourselves in a flood of water; the word is but used in a quintessential sense. This is Parnassian drink, not bodily, nerve-shaking, sinew-weakening wine juice. This is the drink of the Gods—Truth. The companions of the Soul, the microcosm, and picture of Divinity are the faculties of sense, the strong touch, the fleet glance of the eye, the teachable parchment of the ear, the nimble inventive fancy, the law-giving reason, the faith of religious conscience. Through many lands of diverse parti-colored life, the vast limits of human experience, the institutions of government, and the theories of creeds, sects, philosophies and religions, Pantagruel and his companions are borne, till the holy oracle is reached. Like another wanderer,
“πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ὕδεν ἄστεα, καὶ νόον ἔγνα.”

The pilgrimage of life to us all is the same, of many woes to the most, but manful, sure faith laughs and scorns them all. It is not to suffer, it is to profit by suffering, that here is placed our habitation. The flowers are springing up in a night to embower about us, the sun strikes them and they wither like the prophet's gourd, that was shutting out at once pain and heaven. And the toils and labors of the good Pantagruel may instruct us in the enigma of existence, if indeed the history of each buried day, and the busy change of all that the eye gathers, and hum that the ear catches, does not unconsciously give the same solution. Let Carpalim be swift, Gymnast strong, Eudemon attentive, Ponocrates resolute, Panurge ready; and, above all, the Friar be girt in his honest frock and cowl, and his flashing scimeter be well burnished by his strong thigh. We are attended as was the worthy prince with our princely companions. Don't tell us that this is doating, and these are but afternoon dozings in the easy-chair, when Pantagruel is identified with all of you owning the human form and faculty. There were jests, such as broiling over a slow fire, for unseasonably serious folk, who have disregarded the pertinencies of place, time, and such like ideas; so let us learn what we can from hieroglyphics. There may be on some obelisks truths we scarce dream of, and other

things on a mummy's terebynthinate wrapper, than copies of his books of account to enable Rhadamanthus to strike a fair docket against him when he passes the final bankrupt decree, for bankrupts we all are. Traditions of primeval philosophy, older than the floods, may envelope the breasts, that were quick twenty centuries ago, and the wisdom of us in the nineteenth century of grace, may be ignorant of it all. At all events enough of bright and clear shines in the merry figures of these Pantagrueian mysteries, hieratic symbols, to prompt us to try to discover the key to the hidden knowledge; besides good Silenic laughter in our Indian voyage to the oracle, to enliven our research. Ha! the monk, good Friar John, clerk to the teeth in matter of breviary; "*clerc jusques es dents en matiere de breviaire*," art thou there? no mincer of matters, though mincer of chopped meats and devourer of an douilles, with the jolly gallant nose, boon companion, worthy hero, religious knight errant, and deliverer of the vineyard; and next thee, the sad cowardly trickster, thy most intimate, the horned pusillanimous Panurge, master of tongue, and waster of the royal revenue of perwinckles, the champion of debtors, and the most prone to fall into that sad disease called a lack of money, "*faulte d'argent*." These two symbols stand out pretty plainly grotesque, as Polynesian idol faces. Say that one is religious faith, earnest, conscientious, piety and devotion, the reverential feeling, the worshipping instinct; the other human invention, fancy, the poetic faculty withal. It is just as you please you know, these are symbols and all can read as they devise. The friar and drole, will always remain the same however, and always furnish a most delicious laugh when we sit in the easy-chair. Glorious Martin Luther, true monk, how boldly and resolutely did he, like Friar John, scatter with the weapon of faith and reason, and sound doctrine, the interloping knaves that so long trampled the grapes of the vineyard, and denied to the thirsty souls, the drink of life. If Martin Luther was the historic Friar John, still the monk may yet live, while ever man dares be free in religion; and demands without power of attorney to lift to heaven the tribute of an honest heart. *Da jurandi*, as the worthy one of the cowl himself says, are we not treating too loosely sacred matters? There was a sad time when

opinion was bound in stone walls, and tyrants of the soul were debarring the light, and shutting up and sealing men's minds in chains of darkness; fearless was that aim, strong that will, irresistible the reason, that armed with the true breviary and the true staff of the cross made three centuries ago such a havoc amid the grape stealing felons. He was a hero, in all respects like Friar John des Entommeures, he did not spare himself, nor did any blows of the sorb apple staff fall without effect, and as for retorting slashes, they fell upon the frock so horrifque altogether harmless. Tridentine thunders one man strong in his faith defied, and bulls *a latere* were tame to him as the Colchian breed to the argonautic adventurer.

Friar John is the encourager of the whole party, he never fears; it is not in the nature of faith, till it lose its essence, to be daunted; thirsty he is for truth as they all are, the good company of Pantagruel; and for swearing he is most devout; how he tugs at the ropes in the sea voyage: poor inventive Panurge is shiftless, vowing to the saints, he exposes his weakness, as he cowers amid the teriors of the sea. "*Tout est frelore,*" as the Swiss at the battle of Marignan, so says he; but the friar is undaunted, he cheers the sailors, he hauls the ropes, trims the ship to meet the violence of the waves: Panurge bawls for confession. "*Confiteor fræ Jean votre sainte benediction.*" "Oh for a few words of marine Naufragan testament;" while the good friar consigns him to thirty thousand devils by way of penance; was there ever such a tempest in all the books described? The whining of Æneas is nothing to Panurge's; the storm of Virgil is nothing to the storm the Trent synodic doctors raised.

The jolly, happy, laughing monk, how contented he is; the good man never flags, his humor is so riant, so untiring; he swears and he drinks like a true Ephesian, this jolly Friar John. Questions in the arts and dogmas of metaphysic disturb not the worthy religious; he is contented with matter of breviary to rest in and upon; that sums up the extent of his researches. But then who so brave in meeting danger, who so prompt and resolute in battle, and who wields the scimeter to better advantage that trusty bilbo his fearful companion is always asking about, and if it is well scoured up and bright and easily to be plucked from the scabbard. The monk is a plain, downright honest fellow.

Grangousier, the grandfather of Pantagruel, gives the character of Friar John in this wise. "All true Christians of all estates and conditions, in all places and at all times, send up their prayers to God, and God is gracious to them. Now such a one is our good Friar John; therefore every man desireth to have him in his company. He is no bigot; he is not for division; he is an honest heart, a plain, resolute, good fellow; he travels, he labors; he defends the oppressed, comforts the afflicted, helps the needy, and keeps the close of the Abbey. Nay, the monk himself breaks in, I do a great deal more than that, for whilst we are despatching our matins and anniversaries in the choir, I make withal some cross-bow-strings—polish glass bottles and bolts; I twist lines and weave purse nets, wherein to catch conies. I am never idle—but hola, fill, fill, some drink." In remarkable contrast to Friar John is the astute and cowardly companion Panurge, and yet they are fast friends and the two most considerable of the followers of the great Pantagruel. Panurge's capabilities of shining out a Jack of all trades, is shown in his name; he is the buffoon, the plotter, the contriver of stratagems, the extricator from difficulties, and fun-maker of the whole voyage, always droling or whimsically melancholic; fearing, but still of sufficient presence to get rid of the dangers, then braggadocioing when they are vanished: by dint of his devices keeping them all good-humored, and then in a fit of conceit making them laugh at his ridiculous complaints. The companion, like most men of his class, has not a particle of principle; he is perfectly indifferent to his word, or to the obligations of right, and is a liar and cheat, a jester *ad libitum*. He himself describes himself spending his money in getting sentences from the court upon ridiculous petitions—"that the deputies of Master Fyfy should not read the quart or pipe of sentences by night, but in full face of day, and before the artistic sophisters, etc., He banquets the pages of judges and counsellors, and holds the mules in the meantime; then to one he cuts the stirrup of the mounting side, till it hang by a thin thread, that when the puff guts of the counsellor or some other, has taken his swing, he falls flat on his side, and furnishes the spectators with more than a hundred francs worth of laughter." Thus he had three score and three

ways of acquiring money, but had two hundred and fourteen to spend it besides his drinking." Thus is Friar John the heartiest, and Panurge the most laugh-compelling of all worthy drunkards, i. e., searchers after Truth. Now it may perhaps be objected, that these most diverse dispositions cannot be the companions of one being, and cannot be the faculties that accompany him in his passage through life. The theory then is supported by this, that the characters are so simple, and expressed as one would a single color; and is not man and each man a bundle of contradictions? Friar John is the religious sentiment; and observe, that if you personify this sentiment by observing a man in whom it exists, you will find him a bold enthusiast, polemic, simple-minded, ardent, in all respects, a perfect Friar John. Such a man draws not from reason, but from revelation—he asks first, is it matter of breviary or not, and from that condemns or approves; in the great storm, when the clerks of St. Nicholas had raised such a clatter that they all expected to drink sea water, Friar John takes out his breviary, but glancing over its pages, he shuts it up, saying he knows it by heart. The only place Friar John is daunted, is before the lawyer priest Gripemenaud, in the halls of the Inquisition—where Panurge gets them off by gold, where, as Virgil represents the infernal regions, the guardians are mollified by gold alone; Friar John there growls between his teeth, and speaks without opening his mouth—his courage returns after making an escape from the den of Gripemenaud, for he wants to return and put him to the edge of the scimeter, or thwack of the staff that did such execution among the grape stealers; but Panurge was too frightened to think of encouraging such madness, and declined, like a cunning fellow, again revisiting that horrid place. The most heroic thing Panurge does, is to place a lance on a couple of drinking glasses full of water, and break the lance without spilling the water: then says he, come, I know many such tricks—the enemy are ours. This is immediately before the battle with Loupgarou and the giants; so invention and resolution are sufficient to vanquish all physical difficulties. With all his tricks and shifts, however, poor Panurge is always destitute and miserable. He wants a wife, a help-meet; he is weak and in-

complete in himself ; and on his own account the voyage to the oracle is undertaken,—the voyage is the passage through life,—and how far the author esteemed truth attainable, is portrayed in his investigation of how weak are human sciences and institutions in eliciting it. Advice is taken from every source from Friar John des Entommeures, to the Pyrrhonian philosopher ; from faith to scepticism, every response and oracle is tried to rid poor Panurge of his doubts. There is no question but that Rabelais was a laugher by nature ; but he laughs at that which is incongruous and unreal ;—alone, he was a profound thinker, as well as old Democritus, who was of the same quintessential turn or mind : the pursuit after shadows, and the hoarding of insubstantials, affects these worthy personages with laughter ; enough there is in life certainly to make one laugh, the errors and weakness of those who rule mankind ; the solemn farces, the insane struttings of the robe-invested portion of the world, and the apelike gestures with which they communicate their deliberations to their fellows, make food for merriment. Shakespeare has indulged it gently, Rabelais heartily, Swift sardonically. Panurge himself is copied from the personal character of the learned and ingenious author, and his distress at not obtaining a satisfactory answer to his inquiries, has in it something extremely like a jest at all the oracles to which he applies, very like the half-serious, half-laughing tone of every thing uttered in the book of the adventures of Pantagruel. The jest is something truly, and to have a good laugh no one is adverse to. By it, if we can find out our weakness and insufficiency, our entire dependence upon something higher, the folly that underlies the laugh, and gain a resolution not to suffer time to pass putting forth a continual jest, then there is something serious gotten after all. Panurge seems to feel perpetually in his lies and quips, the instability and incompleteness of his own nature, and, like the servant who supplies merriment at the tables of the great, sometimes amidst the sharp retorts he aims at his companions, utters a sentiment sublime with covered wisdom, and essays to let an arrow fly to the clouds, leaving a train of self-kindled fire in its lofty flight. If in the most serious books of that age and in every age of the world's duration, the

grand staple has not been untrue, weak, and doating, then the works of Cervantes, Shakespeare and Rabelais have been most mischievous caricatures of all that was great in human thought, and honorable in human action; then astrology and phrenology, school metaphysics and modern free-thinking, knight-errantry and schemes of social improvement have been vilely scandalized by the laughing school. But we opine that there is a secret way of laughing that each man has at his own hobbies, and the absurdity of the theory he most affects has crossed the mind of the most enthusiastic projector. At all events, one of the most unsatisfactory of all recitals is that of a finished feast, and the dullest of commentaries, that upon a jesting author. If you can find no secret and internal meaning in the characters of the worthy friar and the inimitable drole, you can laugh at their humors and their whimsical adventures. If life and time furnish matter of continual tears, dry them over the imaginary plays and sallies of wit and the whimsical world of the inimitable Frenchman.

A.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

A BALLAD.

It may know age, but not decay.

HABINGDON'S CASTARA.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

I.

Child! I pray, it be thy lot,
Yet to know as bright a spot:
Pond, or park, no crowned king
Hath so brave as what I sing.

There is a lake in the Huron-Land,
Round and deep, with a shining strand;
The Swan is Queen of the northern air,—
She bathes the snow of her bosom there.

And when she doth her matins sing,
She moveth where the lillies spring ;
Like stars beneath her breast asleep
They seem away on the azure deep.

Through root and stalk, that crinkle down
As serpents green to the bottom brown,
Like silent birds, when the woods are dim,
The pickerel, perch and sun-fish swim.

With many a sweep and elbow-crook,
Steals in at the South a silvery brook ;
All to the life like a shining snake,
When a full moon hangs over the lake.

Out of the woods and down the lawns
It coos with doves and leaps with fawns ;
Yet loiters in like a gentle doe
Through rustling reeds in the meadows low.

Waiting on either bank are seen
Such tender tufts of the willow green,
They bend, if the faintest breezes pass,
To see themselves in the liquid glass.

And all between is a flush of flowers,
By the rainbow painted in the showers ;
After the zephyrs among them play,
With odorous wings they fly away.

II.

Child! I trow there's many a bower
Where does flourish such a flower :
Eyes alone may look, till blind ;
Hearts do help such blooms to find.

A spirit-like birth is the young moon's light
In the tender leaves, of an April night ;—
The soul of Beauty it loves to mate
With the rare, the pure and the delicate.

From lofty down to lowly things,
'Tis ever thus, the minstrel sings,

As memory paints again that hour
He found by the brook a wondrous flower.

A rock did cradle it on the brink,
Where come the deer, at dark, to drink;
From sympathy sure it used to dip,
In the sweet water its sweeter lip.

Though close around there were fragrant gems
Of many a tint on a thousand stems,
A princess this, and ladies of honor
The courtliest seemed, to wait upon her.

Or, hath the Genius of every place
A castle of might,—a throne of grace,
That rock, in sooth, were an elfin tower,
And the mercy seat were the wondrous flower.

Or, it were the form of the Fay itself,
Transfigured, to startle each smaller Elf;
And pour on the hum-bird's raptured eyes
A glory-gleam of its paradise.

A Poet such *union* of grace had caught,
It would have awaken'd, at sight, the thought
Of the blessed Triune Mystery,
The Beauty—the Light of Eternity.

It was pure as the brow of Innocence,
Low bent in the smile of Omnipotence;
And yet, from a warmth in its snow, I guess,
Like an angel it was not passionless.

Ah, no,—I trow, of its delicate heart
To Light it was yielding the holiest part,
As it came with a blush at early day,
And stole in the purple of eve away.

But whether it bore to aught beside
A single feeling to love allied,
I know not,—save to the listening air
It whispered ever a spicy prayer.

And penitence seemed the crowning grace
Of all that slept in its sweet embrace :
A sinless tear in its bowl it kept,
As ever a dying infant wept.

III.

Child ! there's Beauty, and there's Love ;—
Both do dwell in heaven above :
Hearts and flowers can tell, I trow,
Both do wander here below.

O, come we hither, or cold, or blind ?
Sweet music, bright visions do follow the mind—
Did follow us in from a world of bliss,
Or ever we looked to love in this.

Nor is it a poet's airy dream,
That things are deeper than what they seem :
He feels they are, if his soul can see
In Nature one token of sympathy.

Now what in that being of vernal birth,
Kindred alone to the cold dark earth,
Could trouble the lyre which hangs within,
So still, as we pass this world of sin ?

Beauty !—from heaven as ever it fell,
A peal it rung on that silvery bell,
That waked to no mortal minstrelsy
This harp in its cell of mortality.

In truth, it was love in its purest feature,
That poured its own in that peerless creature :—
Love,—and that of the self-same power,
Which carried the knight to his Lady's bower.

And whither by prairie or pond I went,
One image all thought and fancy blent,
Till I was too full of the beauteous Elf
Longer to keep it alone to myself.

And so, to one it was told, that could
Hear melody soft in the silent wood ;
And silence feel where the cataract fell,—
Fair Laura, maid of the hazle-dell.

One balmy dawn, as its bright eye-lash
The Orient pricked with a rosy flash,
Her favorite hour it was I knew—
We hastened off in the heavy dew.

The worth of the jewel it would seek
The light of her clear blue eye did speak ;
How plain, or ever we reached the place,
I caught its blush in her speaking face !

But, ah me ! who, save one, that has found
Her darling, missed for a moment, drowned,
The fainting away of my soul can guess,
When I look'd for that creature of loveliness !

There were the pink and the columbine,
The lady-slipper and eglantine ;
A bevy of others, unknown before,
To mock the majesty now no more.

Now what that pitiless deed had wrought
To me was a matter of painful thought,
Until I saw, by the gray rock near,
Rude foot-prints of the wanton deer.

Alas ! the fate of my flower was plain ;
The passing creek was a funeral train,
Marching on with a mournful tread
After the bier of the early dead.

A moment :—all but this, I forget—
Looks in mutual sorrow met :
And passionate love—'twas a dear surprise !—
Its fellow found in the other's eyes.

IV.

Child! our love is constant ever;
Beauty hath a burial never;—
Part they may, when forms do die!—
All, at last, will meet on high.

Now whether that was indeed the Queen,
Full many a rose will doubt, I ween;
And say that fancy upon the stem
Did put the robe and the diadem.

I dare not cavil, but this may be:
What matter!—my vision it cleared to see,
The mirror of heaven's most holy part
Is ever the deep of the human heart.

And that which plays on its awful motion,
As moon-rays over the rolling ocean,
Is Beauty—the Smile of Eternal Love,
Out of the golden gates above.

Beauty—the breath and life of light,
Our Spirits catch in the outward sight;
And, whether on cloud, or the emerald sod,
Do know for us that it falls from God.

And, if it vanish and flit away,
It meets nor darkness, nor decay;
It only fades in a flower to seek
A livelier youth in a virgin's cheek.

And so, it is an immortal sprite,
Tending up to the Infinite:
When the doors of an after-world unfold,
It follows the saints on the flames of the old.

AHASUERUS.*

IT is understood, that this poem is the production of Robert Tyler, son of the President of the United States. Coming from such a source, it is probable that political dislike, or a feeling of an invidious nature, may have an influence to cause ill natured caricatures of the sentiments and expressions contained in this, probably first effort of a young man's ambition or poetic impulses. That desire to make the son of a man of distinguished station appear like a buffoon, or ignoramus, or wince beneath a Zoilo-Thersites lash we do not feel. Welcome all who would assume a garb more noble than the robes of office, a duty more sacred than that of the magistrate. Mr. Tyler perhaps would never have published, had he not been the son of the President. Mr. Adams would perhaps never have issued his *Dermot*, had he not once filled the chair of State. They are tributes, such efforts to the loftiness and dignity of the poetic character, and thus far Mr. Adams and Mr. Tyler have yielded to a natural and laudable instinct. The fame of Milton is more glorious and his influence on mankind more enduring than the splendour and heroism of the great Protector of the English republic. The grandest genius that ever exercised political power, and the greatest benefactor to mankind, in a national or social view, that ever lived, was likewise the great poet of his people; he was the Hebrew Lawgiver and the minstrel of Israel. We take no offence that Mr. Tyler honors the soil of the Old Dominion, and signs himself a Virginian; yet even his modesty will be laughed at and jeered. But the subject of this poem perhaps involves the introduction of too august ideas. It was necessary in the course of the poem, that the Saviour of men should be introduced; it was not well to take such a theme. When a lofty genius like Milton chooses a subject, he may be excused; but none inferior to him, should seize upon so vast a design as to represent the Divinity. If Mr. Tyler receives, either from blame or praise, a desire to continue in a course of difficulty,

* AHASUERUS—A Poem, by a Virginian. New-York: Harper & Brothers: 1842.

and would persevere in writing, we, in a spirit of kindness and sympathy, say to the young Virginian—God speed ye. The author seems to be an amiable man, of considerable feeling, and will doubtless find from other sources whatever criticism considers as defects. He will learn that the mind oftentimes has conceptions it cannot realize in words—that art is truly long, and without art invests the creations of fancy—they die shortly. The poet is born, he is not made, is a proverb often quoted; but he is born a feeble infant, and all that is beautiful in heaven or earth nurses him to greatness. The author has perhaps yielded too hastily to the out-pourings of his youth—which are unwritten poetry; had he repressed them, he would have spared himself much pain. We think that he has shown an abundance of amiability, a considerable degree of perception of the beauties of nature, and an eloquent fluency of expression, and so we deliver Mr. Tyler into the hands of the ultra-political critics, who will worry, and tease, and caricature him and his poem sufficiently.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE summer moon, which shines in so many a tale, was beaming over a broad extent of even country. Some of its brightest rays were flung into a spring of water, where no traveller, toiling as the writer has, up the hilly road beside which it gushes, ever failed to quench his thirst. The work of neat hands and considerate art, was visible about this blessed fountain. An open cistern, hewn and hollowed out of solid stone, was placed above the waters, which filled it to the brim, but, by some invisible outlet, were conveyed away without dripping down its sides. Though the basin had not room for another drop, and the continual gush of water made a tremor on the surface, there was a secret charm that forbade it to overflow. I remember, that when I had slaked my summer thirst, and sat panting by the cistern, it was my fanciful theory, that nature could not afford

to lavish so pure a liquid, as she does the waters of all meaner fountains.

While the moon was hanging almost perpendicularly over this spot, two figures appeared on the summit of the hill, and came with noiseless footsteps down towards the spring. They were then in the first freshness of youth; nor is there a wrinkle now on either of their brows, and yet they wore a strange old fashioned garb. One, a young man with ruddy cheeks, walked beneath the canopy of a broad-brimmed gray hat; he seemed to have inherited his great-grandsire's square skirted coat, and a waistcoat that extended its immense flaps to his knees; his brown locks, also, hung down behind, in a mode unknown to our times. By his side was a sweet young damsel, her fair features sheltered by a prim little bonnet, within which appeared the vestal muslin of a cap; her close, long waisted gown, and indeed her whole attire, might have been worn by some rustic beauty, who had faded half a century before. But, that there was something too warm and life like in them, I would here have compared this couple to the ghosts of two young lovers, who had died long since in the glow of passion, and now were straying out of their graves, to renew the old vows, and shadow forth the unforgetten kiss of their earthly lips, beside the moonlit spring.

"Thee and I will rest here a moment, Miriam," said the young man, as they drew near the stone cistern, "for there is no fear that the elders know what we have done; and this may be the last time we shall ever taste this water."

Thus speaking, with a little sadness in his face, which was also visible in that of his companion, he made her sit down on a stone, and was about to place himself very close to her side; she, however repelled him, though not unkindly.

"Nay, Josiah," said she, giving him a timid push with her maiden hand, "thee must sit farther off, on that other stone, with the spring between us. What would the sisters say, if thee were to sit so close to me?"

"But we are of the world's people now, Miriam," answered Josiah.

The girl persisted in her prudery, nor did the youth, in fact, seem altogether free from a similar sort of shyness;

so they sat apart from each other, gazing up the hill, where the moonlight discovered the tops of a group of buildings. While their attention was thus occupied, a party of travellers, who had come wearily up the long ascent, made a halt to refresh themselves at the spring. There were three men, a woman, and a little girl and boy. Their attire was mean, covered with the dust of the summer's day, and damp with the night dew: they all looked woe begone, as if the cares and sorrows of the world had made their steps heavier as they climbed the hill; even the two little children appeared older in evil days, than the young man and maiden who had first approached the spring.

"Good evening to you, young folks," was the salutation of the travellers; and "Good evening, friends," replied the youth and damsel.

"Is that white building the Shaker meeting house?" asked one of the strangers. "And are those the red roofs of the Shaker village?"

"Friend, it is the Shaker village," answered Josiah, after some hesitation.

The travellers, who, from the first had looked suspiciously at the garb of these young people, now taxed them with an intention, which all the circumstances, indeed, rendered too obvious to be mistaken.

"It is true, friends," replied the young man, summoning up his courage. "Miriam and I have a gift to love each other, and we are going among the world's people to live after their fashion. And ye know that we do not transgress the law of the land; and neither ye, nor the elders themselves, have a right to hinder us."

"Yet you think it expedient to depart without leave taking," remarked one of the travellers.

"Yea, ye-a," said Josiah reluctantly, "because father Job is a very awful man to speak with, and being aged himself, he has but little charity for what he calls the iniquities of the flesh."

"Well," said the stranger, "we will neither use force to bring you back to the village, nor will we betray you to the elders. But sit you here awhile, and when you have heard what we shall tell you of the world which we have left, and into which you are going, perhaps you will turn back with us of your own accord. What say you?"

added he, turning to his companions. "We have travelled thus far without becoming known to each other. Shall we tell our stories, here by this pleasant spring, for our own pastime, and the benefit of these misguided young lovers?"

In accordance with this proposal, the whole party stationed themselves round the stone cistern, the two children being very weary, fell asleep upon the damp earth, and the pretty Shaker girl, whose feelings were those of a nun or a Turkish lady, crept as close as possible to the female traveller, and as far as she well could from the unknown men. The same person who had hitherto been the chief spokesman, now stood up, waving his hat in his hand, and suffered the moonlight to fall full upon his front.

"In me," said he, with a certain majesty of utterance, "in me you behold a poet."

Though a lithographic print of this gentleman is extant, it may be well to notice, that he was now nearly forty, a thin and stooping figure, in a black coat, out at elbows; notwithstanding the ill condition of his attire, there were about him several tokens of a peculiar sort of foppery, unworthy of a mature man, particularly in the arrangement of his hair, which was so disposed as to give all possible loftiness and breadth to his forehead. However, he had an intelligent eye, and on the whole, a marked countenance.

"A poet!" repeated the young Shaker, a little puzzled how to understand such a designation, seldom heard in the utilitarian community where he had spent his life. "Oh, ay, Miriam, he means a varse maker, thee must know."

This remark jarred upon the susceptible nerves of the poet; nor could he help wondering what strange fatality had put into this young man's mouth an epithet, which ill-natured people had affirmed to be more proper to his merit than the one assumed by himself.

"True, I am a verse maker," he resumed, "but my verse is no more than the material body into which I breathe the celestial soul of thought. Alas! how many a pang has it cost me, this same insensibility to the ethereal essence of poetry, with which you have here tortured me again, at the moment when I am to relinquish my profession for ever! Oh, Fate! why hast thou warred with

Nature, turning all her higher and more perfect gifts to the ruin of me their possessor? What is the voice of song, when the world lacks the ear of taste? How can I rejoice in my strength and delicacy of feeling, when they have but made great sorrows out of little ones? Have I dreaded scorn like death, and yearned for fame as others pant for vital air, only to find myself in a middle state between obscurity and infamy? But I have my revenge! I could have given existence to a thousand bright creations. I crush them into my heart, and there let them putrify! I shake off the dust of my feet against my countrymen! But posterity, tracing my footsteps up this weary hill, will cry shame upon the unworthy age that drove one of the father's of American song to end his days in a Shaker village!"

During this harangue, the speaker gesticulated with great energy, and, as poetry is the natural language of passion, there appeared reason to apprehend his final explosion into an ode extempore. The reader must understand, that for all these bitter words, he was a kind, gentle, harmless, poor fellow enough, whom Nature tossing her ingredients together without looking at her recipe, had sent into the world with too much of one sort of brain and hardly any of another.

"Friend," said the young Shaker, in some perplexity, "thee seemest to have met with great troubles, and, doubtless, I should pity them, if—if I could but understand what they were."

"Happy in your ignorance!" replied the poet, with an air of sublime superiority. "To your coarser mind, perhaps, I may seem to speak of more important griefs, when I add, what I had well nigh forgotten, that I am out at elbows and almost starved to death. At any rate, you have the advice and example of one individual to warn you back; for I am come hither, a disappointed man, flinging aside the fragments of my hopes, and seeking shelter in the calm retreat which you are so anxious to leave."

"I thank thee, friend," replied the youth, "but I do not mean to be a poet, nor, heaven be praised! do I think Miriam ever made a valse in her life. So we need not fear thy disappointments. But, Miriam," he added, with real concern, "thee knowest that the elders

admit nobody that has not a gift to be useful. Now what under the sun can they do with this poor varse maker?"

"Nay, Josiah, do not thee discourage the poor man," said the girl, in all simplicity and kindness. "Our hymns are very rough, and perhaps they may trust him to smooth them."

Without noticing this hint of professional employment, the poet turned away, and gave himself up to a sort of vague reverie, which he called thought. Sometimes he watched the moon, pouring a silvery liquid on the clouds, through which it slowly melted till they became all bright; then he saw the same sweet radiance dancing on the leafy trees which rustled as if to shake it off, or sleeping on the high tops of hills, or hovering down in distant vallies, like the material of unshaped dreams; lastly, he looked into the spring, and there the light was mingling with the water. In its crystal bosom, too, beholding all heaven reflected there, he found an emblem of a pure and tranquil breast. He listened to that most ethereal of all sounds, the song of crickets, coming in full choir upon the wind, and fancied, that, if moonlight could be heard, it would sound just like that. Finally he took a draught at the Shaker spring, and, as if it were the true Castalia, was forthwith moved to compose a lyric, a Farewell to his Harp, which he swore should be its closing strain, the last verse that an ungrateful world should have from him. This effusion, with two or three other little pieces, subsequently written, he took the first opportunity to send by one of the Shaker brethren to Concord, where they were published in the New Hampshire Patriot.

Meantime, another of the Canterbury Pilgrims, one so different from the poet, that the delicate fancy of the latter could hardly have conceived of him, began to relate his sad experience. He was a small man, of quick and unquiet gestures, about fifty years old, with a narrow forehead, all wrinkled and drawn together. He held in his hand a pencil, and a card of some commission merchant in foreign parts, on the back of which, for there was light enough to read or write by, he seemed ready to figure out a calculation.

"Young man," said he abruptly, "what quantity of land do the Shakers own here, in Canterbury?"

"That is more than I can tell thee, friend," answered Josiah, "but it is a very rich establishment, and for a long way by the road side, thee may guess the land to be ours by the neatness of the fences."

"And what may be the value of the whole," continued the stranger, "with all the buildings and improvements, pretty nearly, in round numbers?"

"Oh, a monstrous sum, more than I can reckon," replied the young Shaker.

"Well, sir," said the pilgrim, "there was a day, and not very long ago, neither, when I stood at my counting room window, and watched the signal flags of three of my own ships entering the harbor, from the East Indies, from Liverpool, and from up the Straits; and I would not have given the invoice of the least of them for the title deeds of this whole Shaker settlement. You stare. Perhaps, now, you won't believe that I could have put more value on a little piece of paper, no bigger than the palm of your hand, than all these solid acres of grain, grass, and pasture land would sell for?"

"I won't dispute it, friend," answered Josiah, "but I know I had rather have fifty acres of this good land, than a whole sheet of thy paper."

"You may say so now," said the ruined merchant, bitterly, "for my name would not be worth the paper I should write it on. Of course, you must have heard of my failure?"

And the stranger mentioned his name, which, however mighty it might have been in the commercial world, the young Shaker had never heard of among the Canterbury hills.

"Not heard of my failure!" exclaimed the merchant, considerably piqued. "Why, it was spoken of on Change in London, and from Boston to New Orleans, men trembled in their shoes. At all events, I did fail, and you see me here on my road to the Shaker village, where, doubtless, (for the Shakers are a shrewd set,) they will have a due respect for my experience, and give me the management of the trading part of the concern, in which case, I think I can pledge myself to double their capital in four or five years. Turn back with me, young man, for though you will never meet with my good luck, you can hardly escape my bad."

"I will not turn back for this," replied Josiah, calmly, "any more than for the advice of the varse maker, between whom and thee, friend, I see a sort of likeness, though I can't justly say where it lies. But Miriam and I can earn our daily bread among the world's people, as well as in the Shaker village. And do we want anything more, Miriam?"

"Nothing more, Josiah," said the girl quietly.

"Yea, Miriam, and daily bread for some other little mouths, if God send them," observed the simple Shaker lad.

Miriam did not reply, but looked down into the spring, where she encountered the image of her own pretty face, blushing within the prim little bonnet. The third pilgrim now took up the conversation. He was a sunburnt countryman, of tall frame and bony strength, on whose rude and manly face there appeared a darker, more sullen and obstinate despondency, than on those of either the poet or the merchant.

"Well, now, youngster," he began, "these folks have had their say, so I'll take my turn. My story will cut but a poor figure by the side of theirs; for I never supposed that I could have a right to meat and drink, and great praise besides, only for tagging rhymes together, as it seems this man does; nor ever tried to get the substance of hundreds into my own hands, like the trader there. When I was about of your years, I married me a wife, just such a neat and pretty young woman as Miriam, if that's her name, and all I asked of Providence was an ordinary blessing on the sweat of my brow, so that we might be decent and comfortable, and have daily bread for ourselves, and for some other little mouths that we soon had to feed. We had no very great prospects before us; but I never wanted to be idle, and I thought it a matter of course that the Lord would help me, because I was willing to help myself."

"And did'nt He help thee, friend?" demanded Josiah, with some eagerness.

"No," said the yeoman sullenly; "for then you would not have seen me here. I have labored hard for years; and my means have been growing narrower, and my living poorer, and my heart colder and heavier, all the time; till at last I could bear it no longer. I set my-

self down to calculate whether I had best go on the Oregon expedition, or come here to the Shaker village; but I had not hope enough left in me to begin the world over again; and to make my story short, here I am. And now, youngster, take my advice, and turn back; or else, some few years hence, you'll have to climb this hill, with as heavy a heart as mine."

This simple story had a strong effect on the young fugitives. The misfortunes of the poet and merchant had won little sympathy from their plain good sense and unworldly feelings, qualities which made them such unprejudiced and inflexible judges, that few men would have chosen to take the opinion of this youth and maiden, as to the wisdom or folly of their pursuits. But here was one whose simple wishes had resembled their own, and who, after efforts which almost gave him a right to claim success from fate, had failed in accomplishing them.

"But thy wife, friend," exclaimed the young man, "What became of the pretty girl, like Miriam? Oh, I am afraid she is dead!"

"Yea, poor man, she must be dead, she and the children too," sobbed Miriam.

The female pilgrim had been leaning over the spring, wherein latterly a tear or two might have been seen to fall, and form its little circle on the surface of the water. She now looked up, disclosing features still comely, but which had acquired an expression of fretfulness, in the same long course of evil fortune that had thrown a sullen gloom over the temper of the unprosperous yeoman.

"I am his wife," said she, a shade of irritability just perceptible in the sadness of her tone. "These poor little things, asleep on the ground, are two of our children. We had two more, but God has provided better for them than we could, by taking them to himself."

"And what would thee advise Josiah and me to do?" asked Miriam, this being the first question which she had put to either of the strangers.

"'Tis a thing almost against nature, for a woman to try to part true lovers," answered the yeoman's wife, after a pause; "but I'll speak as truly to you as if these were my dying words. Though my husband told you some of our troubles, he didn't mention the greatest, and

that which makes all the rest so hard to bear. If you and your sweetheart marry, you'll be kind and pleasant to each other for a year or two, and while that's the case, you never will repent; but by-and-by, he'll grow gloomy, rough, and hard to please, and you'll be peevish, and full of little angry fits, and apt to be complaining by the fireside, when he comes to rest himself from his troubles out of doors; so your love will wear away by little and little, and leave you miserable at last. It has been so with us; and yet my husband and I were true lovers once, if ever two young folks were."

As she ceased, the yeoman and his wife exchanged a glance in which there was more and warmer affection, than they had supposed to have escaped the frost of a wintry fate, in either of their breasts. At that moment, when they stood on the utmost verge of married life, one word fitly spoken, or perhaps one peculiar look, had they had mutual confidence enough to reciprocate it, might have renewed all their old feelings, and sent them back, resolved to sustain each other amid the struggles of the world. But the crisis past, and never came again. Just then, also, the children, roused by their mother's voice, looked up, and added their wailing accents to the testimony borne by all the Canterbury Pilgrims, against the world from which they fled.

"We are tired and hungry," cried they. "Is it far to the Shaker village?"

The Shaker youth and maiden looked mournfully into each others' eyes. They had but stepped across the threshold of their homes, when lo! the dark array of cares and sorrows that rose up to warn them back. The varied narratives of the strangers had arranged themselves into a parable; they seemed not merely instances of woeful fate that had befallen others, but shadowy omens of disappointed hope, and unavailing toil, domestic grief, and estranged affection, that would cloud the onward path of these poor fugitives. But after one instant's hesitation, they opened their arms and sealed their resolve with as pure and fond an embrace, as ever youthful love had hallowed.

"We will not go back," said they. "The world never can be dark to us, for we will always love one another."

Then the Canterbury Pilgrims went up the hill, while the poet chanted a drear and desperate stanza of the Farewell to his Harp, fitting music for that melancholy band. They sought a home where all former ties of nature or society would be sundered, and all old distinctions levelled, and a cold and passionless security be substituted for moral hope and fear, as in that other refuge of the world's weary outcasts, the grave. The lovers drank at the Shaker spring, and then, with chastened hopes, but more confiding affections, went on to mingle in an untried life.

THE CITY ARTICLE.

MR. DICKENS IN NEW-YORK.

THE enthusiasm awakened in behalf of Mr. Dickens since his arrival in this country, is almost unexampled in the history of literature. It is at least the greatest literary excitement ever created in America. Never before were honors, public and private, so liberally poured forth at the feet of an author. Mr. Dickens has been feasted and fêted by the best men of Boston and New York, he has united the suffrages of the men of literature, the authors, the professions, the men of wealth, and the general current of applause has swept in the crowd of fashionables and given a stamp of nobleness to the whims and frivolities of the hour. The mob who ran after Ellsler have given themselves to the study of Nicholas Nickleby and the Curiosity Shop, and talk most pathetically of little Nell. We have always admired, in any great movement of this kind, the readiness with which the poor light fashionable emptinesses are borne along in the train of some great idea. Let a Carlyle lecture here or an Irving preach to-morrow and the benches shall be filled with the fops who ever throng after better men. There is an unconscious tie of allegiance that compels folly to pay its tribute to wisdom. Though in every really great outburst of enthusiasm on the part of the public, there is much to laugh at, there is always more to admire. We cannot but say there has been a

great deal that is very ridiculous in the Boz mania, as it is called; a fair number of editors and committee men have been thrown off their legs in the general impulse, and men of ordinarily good sense have cast themselves into very laughable positions, extricating jokes and puns for the honor of the guest, from brains unused to such endeavors. Great as has been the tumult, the reality behind, the living interest of the mass of Americans in this author is still greater. The best, the calmest and most judicious admirers, into whose hearts and life the soul-nourishing humor of the author has entered and grown up—have not been the foremost to besiege the parlor at the Carlton House. With genuine reverence there is associated true modesty, and Mr. Dickens must leave the country without seeing some of his best friends. We quarrel not with those who have been most ready to pay him personal attentions. For what end do we support official personages, such as governors, mayors, even ex-presidents, and a crowd of mercantile respectability, if they cannot, whether illiterate or not, sometimes act as the literary representatives of the people.

The throng and levee and small-talk will pass away in a fortnight, but one just impression will have been stamped on the public mind—a recognition and respect of literary genius, as one of the best heaven-directed gifts to man. The reputation of Mr. Dickens, though of sudden growth, and cherished by a popularity which is proverbially seductive, is pure from all diminishing qualities. There is neither malice, nor grossness, nor infidelity. These writings, so far as their compass extends, are unsullied interpretations of nature. Mr. Dickens is free of egotism or vanity, and consequently, in all the praise we award him, there is no flattery or man-worship: for, magnify him as we will, we cannot distort his honest, manly qualities. It is the happiness and nature of this author to write, as it is of every true author in his degree, forgetful of self. As he himself beautifully said of his own characters, at the Boston dinner, they are to him as well as the public, third parties. “Even now I have such an odd sensation in connexion with these things, that you have no chance of spoiling me. I feel as though we were agreeing,—as indeed we are, if we substitute for fictitious characters the classes from which they are drawn—about third parties,

in whom we had a common interest. At every new act of kindness on your part, I say it to myself—that's for Oliver—I should not wonder if that was meant for Smike—I have no doubt that is intended for Nell; and so I became a much happier, certainly, but a more sober and retiring man, than ever I was before." We need not be ashamed of our good honest enthusiasm, of our having talked heartily and cheered heartily and drank heartily for this author: for we have been exaggerating no weakness in another; we have only been bearing testimony to what is true and honorable in ourselves.

New York has given a Ball and a Dinner to Mr. Dickens, the one representing the fashion, and the other the respectability of the city: the dinner having been composed of men advanced in life, chiefly lawyers and merchants of character. The party assembled at the City Hotel represented the talent and integrity of the city. We could only have wished for a better representation of its literature. We could have desired the New York Dinner to have been after the model of the Edinburgh Dinner, or the Boston Dinner, which, for well digested speeches, words with meaning, was superior to our own. It was a very respectable dinner of the citizens of New York, to Mr. Dickens, with Washington Irving in the chair; but it was sadly oppressed with lethargic speeches from vice-presidents, and a lack of enthusiasm generally. Bryant was present, but made no speech, and if he was armed with a sentiment, probably thought it wiser on the occasion to retain it. Paulding, we believe, was absent. Cooper was not there, nor Willis, nor Charles Hoffman. Mr. Bellows was present, but no provision had been made for his delivering the very excellent speech of which he was capable. This dinner, it need not be said, does not represent the literature of New York. There were dull jokes, labored commonplaces in abundance, but to our eye the only realities of the evening were Washington Irving sitting in the chair, the speech of Mr. Dickens, and the remarks of Mr. Matthews on the Copyright, which, from the lateness of the hour, were heard by only a part of the company.

There is one consideration of interest in connection with this subject: it is, that these attentions are paid to a young man; they are, in some sense, prospective honors, and imply liberal faith and generosity in the givers.

We believe Mr. Dickens, when he says he shall not forget them when he sits again by his author's table at home, and it will be some satisfaction to those who shall here peruse his future works, that they liberally extended to him every kindness and endearment during his visit to New York.

THE LOITERER.

MR. MATHEWS' SPEECH ON THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

We give, from the Report in the TRIBUNE, because we believe it will help a good cause, the following speech entire. It was delivered at the recent City Hotel Dinner, to Mr. Dickens, with Washington Irving in the chair. The President having proposed the sentiment, "International Copyright—It is but fair that those who have laurels for their brows should be permitted to *browse* on their laurels," Mr. CORNELIUS MATHEWS responded—

I answer your summons, Mr. President, under some restraint. I am not quite sure that it becomes me, a humble lay-brother of the order of authors, to trouble a diplomatist and Spanish Minister, in any way, with the insignificant affairs of the fraternity. But when I recollect how the distinguished gentleman on your right, a monk at least if not a bishop, has been lately received in this great city of ours, I am re-assured: knowing how you, once an honored member of the craft, are going forth from the country, its ambassador and representative, and how he, a man of letters, in full communion with the brethren, has just entered it—I think I may venture to say a word or two of rights which you hold in common. In speaking on the subject of an International Copyright, at this time, I would not be understood as being moved by any new impulse or sudden enthusiasm; but as uttering convictions carefully considered and long entertained.

That I am speaking in the presence of an eminent foreign writer—the universality of whose genius, appealing by its delineations to all classes and conditions of men, would seem to entitle him to an universal recognition of his rights—will, I believe, by no means diminish the force of what I may say.

It is argued, sometimes, I know, that authors have no rights; and a paper-dealing tradesman of this city, greedy of some sort of renown, has lately contended, if we could but get English

Books at the cost of type and paper (the author being considered an impertinent third party,) all the ends of good literature would be answered. I might ask this artful casuist, how it would suit his convenience—he being a man of some stamp and character among his neighbors—to come abroad in the open light of day—in a coat yet odorous of the fingers of the petit-larceny thief; a hat savoring of the burglar's fist; his pockets jingling with the transferred coin of a bank robber: but I look beyond this miserable economical subterfuge, and seek, somewhat farther down, the actual operation of an uncopyrighted Foreign Literature, reprinted without restraint. There is at this moment waging in our midst a great war between a Foreign and a Native Literature. The one claims pay—food, lodging, and raiment; the other battles free of all charges, takes the field, prepared for all weathers and all emergencies; has neither a mouth to cry for sustenance, a back to be clothed, nor a head to be sheltered.

The conflict between a paid literature and an unpaid is a fierce one while it lasts; it cannot last long. The one relies on the feeble and uncertain impulses of authorship; the other is driven on by all the restless interests of trade. What, sir, is the present condition of the Field of Letters in America? It is in a state of desperate anarchy—without order, without system, without certainty. For several years past, it has been sown broad-cast with foreign publications of every name and nature; what growth has ensued? No single work, so far as I can see, has sprung up as its legitimate result; no addition to the stock of native poetry or fiction; no tree has blossomed; no solitary blade struck through the hard and ungrateful turf. Whatever has been produced has been in spite of opposition from within and without; has been the bright exception, not the rule. Instead of being fostered and promoted, as it should be, our domestic literature is borne down by an immethodical and unrestrained republication of every foreign work that will bear the charges of the compositor and paper-maker.

Under the regulations of an International Copyright, the work of a British author would be published here in its order; would take its chance with other works, native and foreign; would be valued and circulated according to its worth; and would hold its rank in due subordination to the judgment passed upon it by the side of other compositions. What is the case now? A new work by the author of 'Charles O'Malley' reaches this country—a pleasant, lively, vivacious picture of Irish life and dragoon service, well worthy of being printed by some prominent house, furnished to the libraries, and put in the hands of a liberal circle of readers, in due course of trade. This would be

proper and natural. On the contrary, twenty, yea, fifty, or a hundred hands—for the giant of Republication is single-eyed and many-handed—are thrust forth, spasmodically to clutch the first landed copy; it is followed, watched to its first destination; violent hands are perhaps laid on it to snatch it from its first possessor; it is reprinted; early copies are despatched into the country; new editions follow, in pamphlet, in book, by chapters in a thousand newspapers; the land is vocal with the unrestrained chuckle of the daily and weekly press over this new acquisition; while no other writer, whatever his merit, if his popularity be but a degree less, is listened to. What hope is there here for the native author?

The odds are tremendous; and I do not hesitate to say, sir, that if he had thousands to lavish on the printing of a single work, a press in every village, a publisher of enterprise and spirit in every city, the purchased control of fifty newspapers—he would be only beginning to enter the field on anything like fair terms with Dr. Laver. The one literature, the Foreign, is propelled through the country by steam; the other, the Native, halts after on foot or in such conveyances as a very narrow purse may bargain for. Principles, it may be, alien to our own, travel with the speed of lightning, while national truths, in which we have the profoundest interest, follow at a lacquey's pace behind. As an American I feel this and I avow it. From the contemplation of that distinguished author, glorying in the zenith of a reputation universal as the light of day, my eyes turn away, and in the sequestered retreat, in the cramped and narrow room, seek that other brother of his, poor, neglected, borne down by the heavy hand of his country, laid, like an oppressor's, upon him; and I feel that the conditions of human life are hard indeed. Far be it from me, sir, to indulge in idle repinings over any of the inevitable sufferings of authors or of men; still farther be it from me to cast any shadow upon the general joy of this occasion; but I feel it my duty, as I trust in God I always shall, to say something, wherever I can, in behalf of the victims of false systems, the children in this case—the orphans, rather, I might say—who inherit the wide kingdom of Thought, and who toil bitterly in secret, in labors not seen of the eye, that the world may have enough of mirth and cheerful truth to make the day wear through. Standing here to-night, the representative, in some humble measure, of the interests of American authors in this question, I say they have been treated by this people and government as no other of its citizens; that an enormous fraud practiced upon their British brethren, has been allowed so to operate upon them as to blight their hopes and darken their fair fame. They have remonstrated, and will,

until the evil has grown too great to be encountered, or is subdued. I might speak especially in behalf of the company of young native writers, who, seeing how well the world was affected toward good literature, and moved by some kindly impulses of nature, may have hoped in their way to add something to the happiness, something to the renown of their country. But we are advised how others, who thought they had secured a constant and enduring hold on the public good will by past character and services, have also been affected by the present injurious state of affairs.

You, sir, for example, in that retreat of yours, classical in the world's affections, having matured a work of some value and which you think ready for the metropolitan market, take passage down the Hudson in company with one of your farmer neighbors, who has, perhaps, just fattened his fall stock to a grain: with your manuscript in your pocket—recollecting, too, that in times past, your handicraft has been held in some repute—you flatter yourself you will find a prompt purchaser for whatever you bring. You call, sir, on certain traders in Cliff street, you suggest the mss. “For heaven’s sake, Mr. Irving,” is the response of the blandest member of the firm, the one that talks to the authors, “don’t plague us just now; we have a profound respect for your talents, an ardent affection for American Literature: but Mr. Bulwer’s *Zanoni* has arrived, and we must have a hundred hands on it before night. Call again, we shall be happy to see you!”

Then, sir, meditating on the patriotic courtesy of the gentleman you have just left, you shape your course toward a great Publishing House in Broadway: famous heretofore for a certain solidity and selectness of publication, but having been lately bitten by the Number viper—which, by the by, is encompassing the Earth, like the Great Snake of the Hindoo Mythology—they beg you, with some natural tears in their eyes, not to interrupt them just then: “The Big Papers, the Mammoth Press, is on the alert: they must have ‘Handy Andy’ on the counter by Saturday or the tide will be down with them:” and behold, sir, the author of the *Sketch Book*, the illustrious historian of New York, very much in the situation of the ostrich of the desert having an egg to lay, but no where to lay it; and, like it, I might add, greatly disposed to hide his head for very shame. How has it fared, sir, in the meantime, with your sturdy neighbor and his charge? In robustious health, cheerful of spirit, with no misgivings whatever, he makes the voyage to New York; remembers many a hearty welcome, many a lucky market in times past; and has no sooner touched the wharf, than he is seized upon by a dozen or more red-cheeked hucksters, who well nigh embrace him from the joy they feel at his coming; he

runs hastily over an inventory of what he has brought—so many turkies of a year old, so many spring chickens, so many cocks and hens, and before he has had a chance to unbutton his overcoat, his merchandise is off his hands, and he casts about in his mind at what comfortable chop-house he shall hold an interview of settlement, and reckon his gains over a snug meal and glass of choice cider.

Now, sir, I would ask, is not your brood of speckled fancies, as honestly begotten from the beginning, as his parti-colored capons? Are not your historical truths as solid and substantial, as real to the mind as his gross-fed turkies to the body? Are not your racy courses of humor as much a solace and comfort to the soul as his web-footed waddlers to the palate? The property is as real, as actual in one case as the other; and why should it not command its price? That, sir, is a wretched country, or a wretched condition of things, where the best products of the best workman in any department are not in demand. And it is just so here at present.

The public taste is so deeply affected by the interested laudations of inferior authors by the republishers, that the value of literary reputation, as well as literary property, is greatly impaired. No distinction is made between good writers and bad; they all appear in the same dress, under the same introduction; and the judgment of the general reader is so perplexed that he cannot choose between Mr. Dickens and Mr. Harrison Ainsworth—between the classical drama of Talfourd and the vapid farce of Borcicault. As this system deepens and strengthens itself, as it does every day, an American celebrity will cease to have any semblance of the discriminating applause of a "contemporaneous posterity," and be regarded only as the confused shout of a distant crowd. I know that to many of our trans-atlantic brethren their American reputation is dear and valued; and for their sakes I would not have a system endure by which its worth will be so surely diminished.

This brings me, gentlemen, to another aspect of the cause I am pleading with you. It has been matter of surprise in some quarters that Mr. Dickens, a British writer, has addressed the American people on the subject of Copyright. Amid the happier visions which have crowded his English chamber for the last five or six years, are we quite sure that no Corsair face has ever looked in?—no eager visage of the ink-stained pirate, with a hand stretched stealthily towards the ms. on his desk, to snatch it away ere it was dry, and blazon it throughout the whole New World, as an acquisition honestly made? May not his brightest hours have been darkened, at times, by the fancy of a grim row of republishers rising before him—line upon line of readers, beginning

at the Atlantic and stretching to the very verge of Oregon, with lines crossing them from Penobscot to the Mexican Gulf, all busy in the self-same task, turning page after page of what he has written—roaring with laughter, melting in tears—until the contemplation of it (with the thought that no honest penny was gained to him by all this pleasant show that was going forward) has become actually painful to his mind? And when, landing on our shores, these very readers, many of them, drew nigh and took him by the hand—in a very earnest, friendly grasp, too—and made solemn vows and protestations of friendship—was it less than natural that he should speak to them, in the confidence of frank discourse, of what had so often pressed painfully on his thoughts?

He was among brethren, in his own younger brother's house, and because he ventured to speak of a patrimony they held in common, with a like interest as himself, shall he be condemned?

But all this broadens into a general question, and one to which we are bound to give heed. I will take it for granted, sir, that every gentleman within hearing of my voice is aware that fifty-six British Authors—and among them many that have given lustre to the age—applied to the American Congress for an international copyright, and were refused. I will also take it for granted that every gentleman here admits that there may be a good indefeasible right and property in a book as in any other estate. By what casuistry or jurisprudence does that which is property in one latitude in one civilized country cease to be property when transferred within the limits of another?

The most precious property of one country in another, as I regard it, is its books. To us, what is Germany, half so much as Goethe? Greece but Homer? And England is nearer and dearer to us by her long array of great writers, than by the constant intercourse of commerce, the closest compacts and treaties of amity. Her writers ask that this claim should be allowed; that all the relations of the two countries shall not be reduced to a gross, material standard; but that they shall have a property, as they have a right, in whatever of noble sentiment or enduring thought they may impart to us; and that we shall have a like property with them. That we have heretofore enjoyed their labors free of charge, is nothing; that we have lived on their free bounty for a long time creates in us no claim—as it should no desire—to become perpetual almoners of theirs. A true spirit of national fair-dealing, not to say national dignity, would impel us to disclaim the charity, and persuade us to purchase what we read, as well as what we eat and wear.

I have said nothing, sir—and I might have said much—of the mutilation of books by our American republishers—that out-

rageous wrong by which a noble English writer, speaking truths in London dear to him as life, is made to say in New-York that which his soul abhors. This sir, silent and uncomplaining as it seems, is a despotism as gross as that of the rack and the thumb-screw, which wrings from men, under torture, falsehoods that flatter the tormentor. What right have I, sir, to stifle the utterance of any manly spirit—to offer him opportunities of speech, and then, in bitterest mockery, abridge the truth he would deliver? Soul speaks to soul through all distances of time and space; and accursed should he be that ventures to thrust his uncouth shadow as a softening medium, between the two! We have friendly treaties, Mr. President, by which property and person, as commonly acknowledged, are sacred between the two nations. Is it not worth the while of statesmen and legislators to incorporate hereafter a provision by which the great rights of Thought, of the soul speaking in its highest moods, shall be cared for and guarded?

I desire to see the two sections of Anglo-Saxon Literature on either side of the great ocean, moving harmoniously onward; they giving to us whatever they have of maturity and art, and we returning, as we are bound, all of freshness and vigor with which a new world may have inspired us. I desire to see something of the great debt, now accumulated for ages, which we owe to the brotherhood of British writers, cancelled; first, in the true honest currency of dollars and cents, known to the Union as the representative value between man and man; secondly, in works of genius, the growth of our own soil, colored by our own skies, and showing something of the influences of a new community, where nature comes fresh and mighty to her task. A thousand voices now slumber in our vales, amid our cities and along our hill-sides, that only await the genial hour to speak and be heard. Silence would no longer brood, as it now does, over so many fair fields, nor, "moon-like, hold the mighty waters fast." Alleghany would have a voice, to which the metropolis, with its hundred steeples and turrets, would answer; gulf and river, and the broad field would reply, each for itself, until the broad sky above us should be shaken with the thunder tones of master spirits responding to each other; the whole wide land echo from side to side with the accents of a Majestic Literature—self-reared, self-sustained, self-vindicating!

I offer you, Mr. President—

An International Copyright—The only honest turnpike between the readers of two great nations.

DR. MOTT'S TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

ONE of the most interesting recent publications is Dr. Valentine Mott's Travels in Europe and the East, extending over the last eight years. The high professional eminence of the writer adds a well deserved importance to his book, which is devoted first of all in its leading observations to the art of medicine; secondarily, we have an account of the manners and institutions of different countries; and, lastly, there are the reflections, literary and romantic, concerning which, as they come genuinely forth from the cool, calm mind of the well balanced Surgeon and Quaker, there will be no little curiosity. How well these different portions of the work are filled, we cannot at the late hour we have received the volume inform our readers. We have only glanced at a few passages and found in them no lack of incident or character. On page 109 is a charming instance of professional pedantry, where the author meets at Florence with a Signor Sigato, who had a method of petrifying animal substances, as frogs, fishes, toads, snakes, and parts of the human body, so that they could in that state be sawed and polished. See the delight with which the author sports and revels in his dread professionalities. "In my presence he threw the human liver, lungs, heart and other parts thus petrified, about the floor with perfect impunity, and without the least injury being done to them. Still more curious, he had, with Italian taste, cut them into small polished squares, and *arranged them in complete tables of mosaic work, so that it gave him as much delight as it did me astonishment, to find that I could with my finger designate to him on this precious centre table for a surgeon's drawing-room, the appropriate name and character of each individual object thus spread out before me in a pathological chart of real specimens.* Thus a *pulmonary tubercle or ulcer* here, a *hydatid of the liver* there, a *cicatrix in the brain* in another compartment, and a *calculus in the kidney, or ossification of the heart's vesicles and valves* in a fourth." We have not met with so honest and characteristic a bit of writing in a long time. Dr. Mott's is a book that will be widely read in all intelligent circles. It is published by the Harpers.

MESSRS. LEGGETT AND GUILLAUME'S SCHOOL.
IN BROADWAY.

WE have received a prospectus of this new and successful establishment and gladly call attention to the following sensible and enlightened ideas therein set forth.